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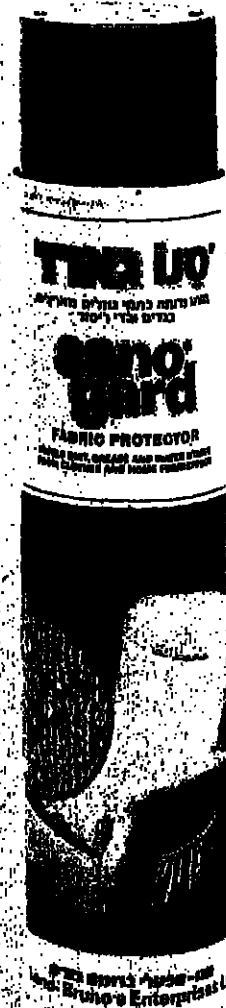
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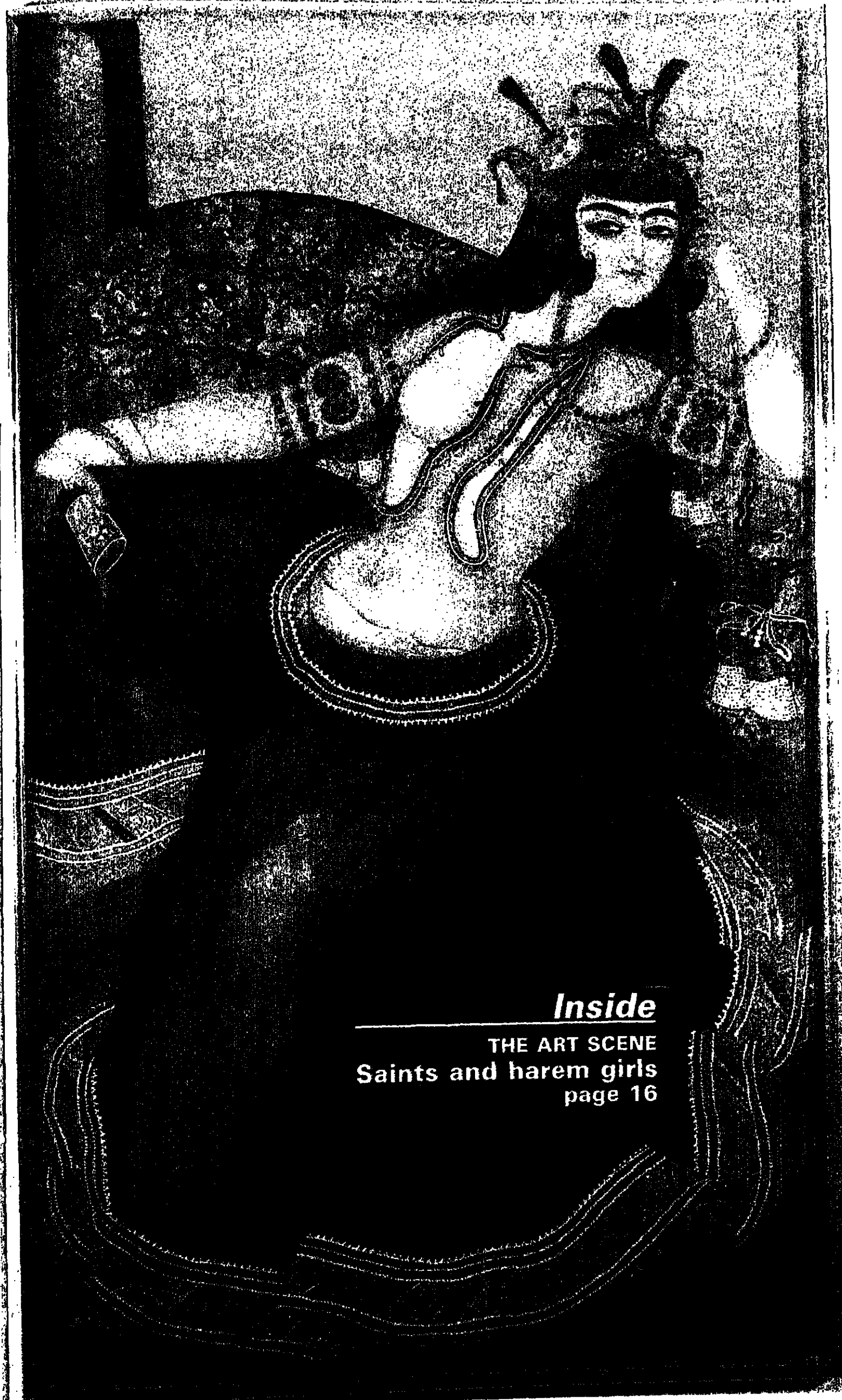


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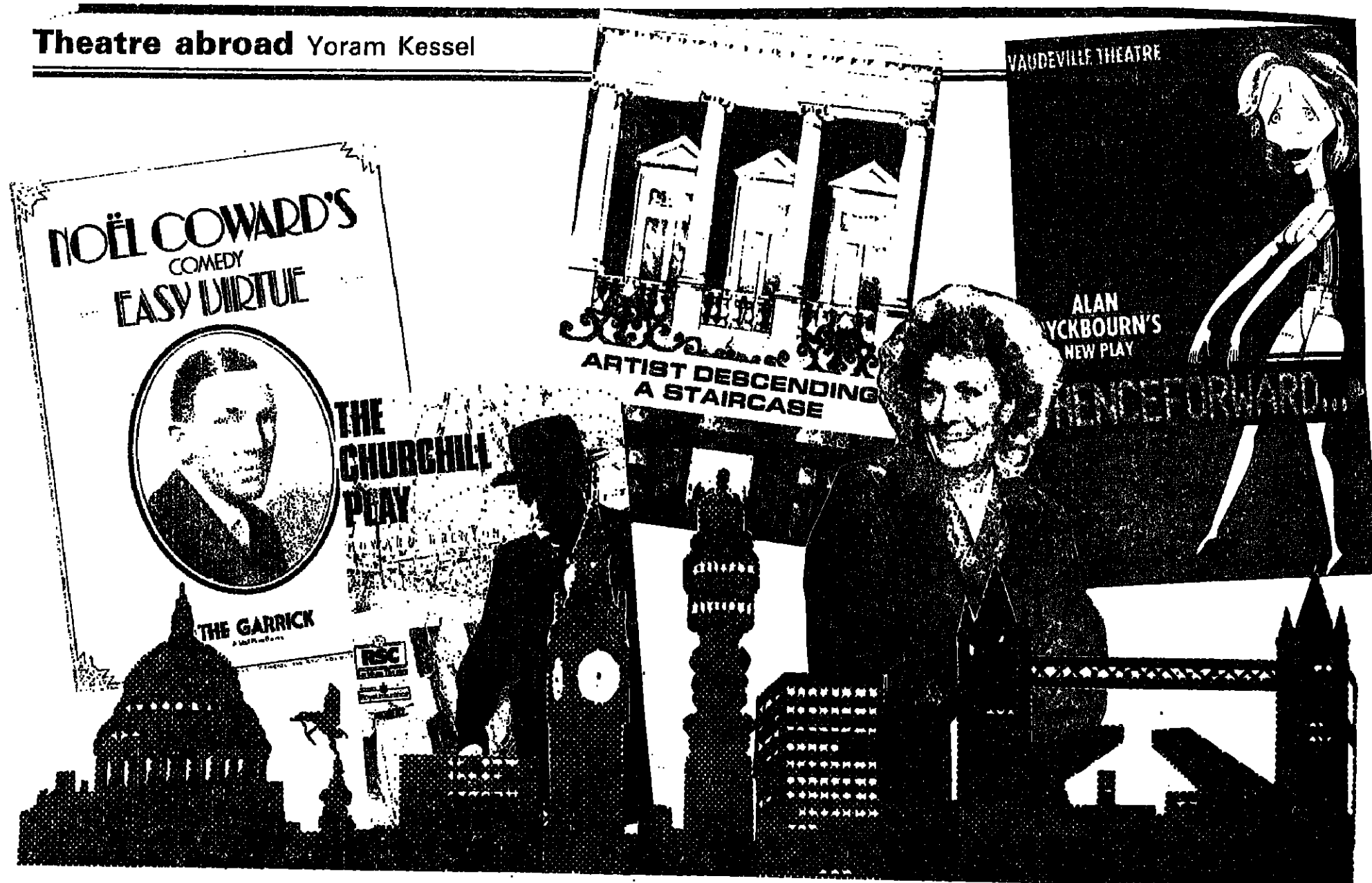


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enter-tainment

لماذا من الأصل



Getting a piece of the action

EVERYONE day-dreams now and again about what they would do if they were really rich. I mean rich enough to hop over to London for a weekend of theatre. If you are one of the lucky ones, make sure the fulfilment of your dream revolves around Vanessa Redgrave.

We all know about her madcap political predilections and that, by rights, she should be boycotted because of her ferocious anti-Israeli views. But genius is genius and her acting talents are so stunning that they simply override other considerations.

Redgrave appears in the Peter Hall production of the Tennessee Williams play, *Orpheus Descending*, which opened last week to a triumphant reception by audiences and critics alike.

The Times's Irving Wardle unabashedly described it as "the best piece of acting I have seen all year," while director Alan Strachan lauded it this week in a BBC World Service interview as "one of the very best productions, never mind of a Tennessee Williams play, but of any play I have seen for a very long time."

THE PLAY had an inauspicious start when it was first staged in 1940, but has since been rewritten and performed many times. This, however, is the first time it has been restored with conviction to an honoured place in the Williams canon.

Based on the Orpheus myth, where the singer enters Hell and then looks back and pays the ulti-

mate penalty, it tells the story of a small Southern community into which a disturbing new force - a handsome, guitar-strumming drifter - arrives to disturb the calm, bigoted and humourless lives of an inbred community.

He creates, as Williams puts it, "the commotion of a fox in a chicken coop," this particular coop being the kind of conformist place where the sheriff tells the interloper, "There are some places which have a sign 'Nigger, you can visit but don't be caught here after sunset.' This applies to you about sunrise."

SIR PETER HALL'S choice of this play to launch his comeback as a commercial director, after a quarter of a century of shaping the style of Britain's state-subsidized theatre represents something of a full circle. As a budding and innovative director in the late 1950s, he staged the first English production of Tennessee Williams's controversial *Camino Real* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Defiantly avoiding the pitfall of sentimentality - so easily a pitfall in staging Tennessee Williams - Hall presents a stunning production, which gives rein to the flights of majestic poetry and grand symbolism which envelop the play.

And he does so above all with his deft direction, not merely of the two central characters but of the entire cast, down to the few-line parts.

But the focus is on two staggering performances, from a newcomer to the British stage Jean-Marc Barr, as the disturbing force, Val, and Red-

grave as Lady Torrance, the daughter of an immigrant Italian and now the wife of a dying Ku Klux Klanner. Their stormy love affair and the inevitable tormented conclusion is the core of the play.

Redgrave's presence on stage is as emphatically original as the old-style Coca-Cola bottle from which she sips. Hall's opinion of her as the greatest actress of the English-speaking theatre can rarely have been better borne out.

Each "discovered" Williams independently, and each now reckons him the greatest modern dramatist. That confluence of perception provides an evening that is as exciting as it is memorable.

LAST WEEK there was a reason for a party at the St. Martin's Theatre. *The Mousetrap* was marking its 15,000th performance. Richard Attenborough was in the original cast of Agatha Christie's "whodunit" when it first opened in 1962, since when it has become the world's longest-running play. Over 7½ million "partners in our crime" have been exhorted at the end of the play not to disclose how the mystery is unravelled.

Agatha Christie's grandson Matthew Pritchard, now has no complaints about the dull present she gave him for his 10th birthday - the royalties of *The Mousetrap*. He told the guests at the party that it has been staged in 44 countries and in 24 languages, with box office takings in London alone exceeding £14 million.

Attenborough said at the party: "I don't see why it should ever come off; it remains to this day a marvelous piece of entertainment."

THE FOLLOWING is a short précis for a 10-day venture, which could serve as a preliminary guide for those rummaging through the listings.

Easy Virtue, by Noel Coward. A pleasurable discovery. One of the least known and least often revived of his comedies, the 1926 work embraces an upper-middle-class country family, sharp mockery of their attitudes cloaked in a sophisticated smile. The acting, especially of the lead, Jane How, perfectly reflects the gently poisonous way in which the hypocrisy is exposed. (Strongly recommended.)

Henceforward, by Alan Ayckbourn. Chillingly hilarious as only Britain's foremost and most productive playwright can be, in a futuristic depiction of suburban middle-class London where the laughter nourishes the pain. Although Ian McKellen (well known here for his one-man Shakespearean shows seen on Educational Television) is strangely disappointing as the obsessed oncesuccessful, now-stultified composer.

The idea of a domesticated robot taking centre stage in a loveless marital situation is compelling, and some of the repartee is memorable. Love threatens to intercede and triumph, but that would spoil the science-fiction point that a dehumanized society is not only funny but savages the soul. (Strongly recommended.)

Letice and Lovage by Peter Shaffer. Maggie Smith and Margaret Tyzak, who made this brilliant pas-de-deux of the slightly batty conversationists such an attraction for almost a year, have given way to Geraldine McEwan and Sara Kestelman. Their delightful commitment will make you feel that Ayckbourn's perception of contemporary Britain has more rewarding sides, such as humanity and dedication. It is a terribly witty play, and since it relates to the reconstruction of old buildings and the persistent tirades on the subject by Prince Charles it is also very timely.

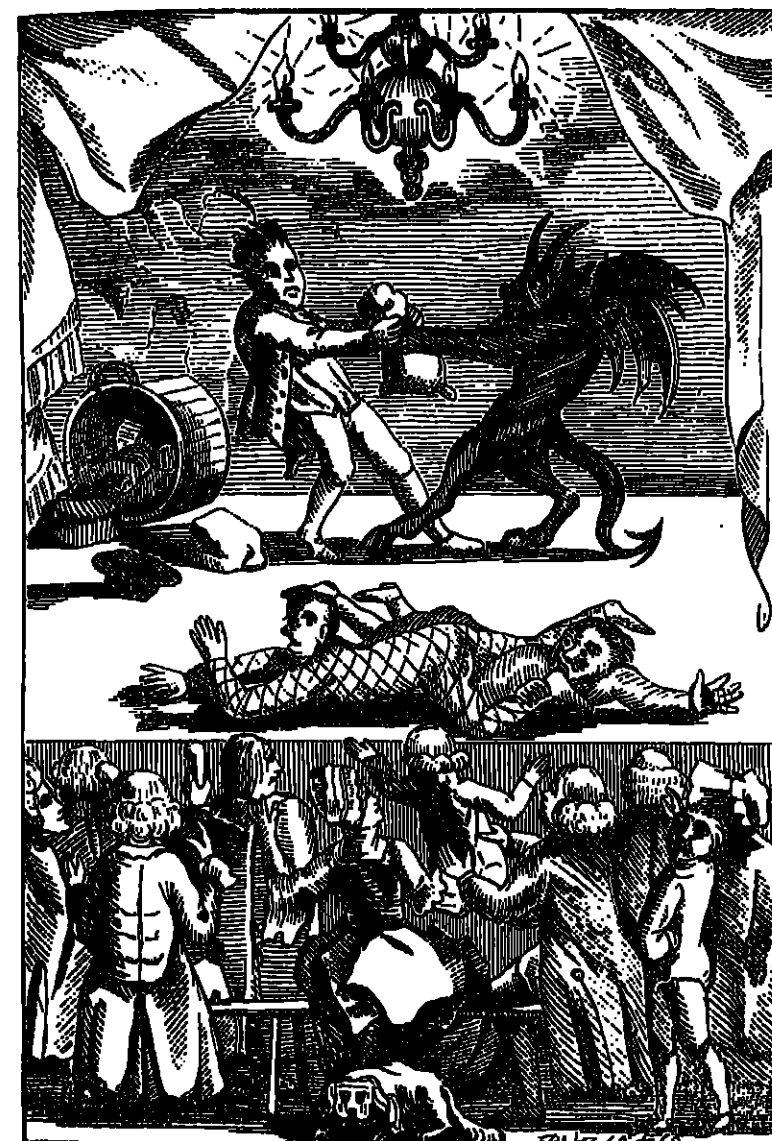
Phantom of the Opera, by Ben Jonson. A rare rollick, stunningly staged at the National Theatre, of an early-17th century tirade against puritanism. In 1661 Samuel Pepys wrote of the revival: "And here was Bartholomew Fayre which has not been acted these 40 years - it being so satirical against puritanism they durst not till now - which is strange they should already dare to do it and the king to countenance it." Not quite so strange in the late 20th century, but in theatrical terms a cheerfully boisterous romp - if you like that sort of thing. (Recommended.)

The Churchill Play, by Howard Brenton. The single sad disappointment of this breathless journey through London theatre-land, saved only by the fact that one gets to experience the manifold pleasures of the Barbican complex. Intended 15 years ago as a warning of the threat of diminishing individual freedoms, this falls far short of any significant contemporary impact. The rallying cry of the play is liberty, and though Britain has changed

over the years, in some ways for the worse, this is not a rallying cry today. Even if tediously obvious, at least it is passionately felt. It will only really count if it stirs up political trouble, and that, to judge by initial reactions, is most unlikely. (Optional.)

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, by Jeffrey Archer. Archer addicts won't want to miss it, but others may find it tedious. (Optional.)

Mrs. Klein, by Nicholas Wright.



Scene from the puppet show, 'Pull Devil, Pull Baker,' 1790. Opposite: Vanessa Redgrave stars in 'Orpheus Descending.'

A spell-binding psycho-drama, transferred recently from the National Theatre. It deals with the problematic aftermath for a middle-aged Jewish psychoanalyst of her son's death, since she also has to adapt to her refugee condition in Britain in the 1930s. Based on the life of a famous child psychiatrist, it gets superb performances from Zoe Wannamaker and Francesca Annis. (Strongly recommended.)

Artist Descending, by Tom Stoppard. This ingeniously adaptation of a radio script provides a striking insight into the friendship among three ageing artists, and their common love of a blind girl. Beautifully theatrical, but since it lasts less than 90 minutes, given West End prices it is something of a swizz that it should stand alone rather than be part of a double Stoppard bill. (Recommended.)

Bartholomew Fair, by Ben Jonson. A rare rollick, stunningly staged at the National Theatre, of an early-17th century tirade against puritanism. In 1661 Samuel Pepys wrote of the revival: "And here was Bartholomew Fayre which has not been acted these 40 years - it being so satirical against puritanism they durst not till now - which is strange they should already dare to do it and the king to countenance it." Not quite so strange in the late 20th century, but in theatrical terms a cheerfully boisterous romp - if you like that sort of thing. (Recommended.)

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Mrs. Klein, by Nicholas Wright.

Richard II, by William Shakespeare, starring Derek Jakobi. (Strongly Recommended.)

Measure for Measure. A Royal Shakespeare production (Strongly Recommended.)

A Walk in the Woods, Sir Alec Guinness, in a rare appearance on the West End stage, a provides his customary impeccable vignette in a sadly lightweight play about diplomacy in the age of glasnost hopelessly overtaken by Gorbachev's reality. (Optional.)

Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and Sophocles' *Philoctetes* - Avant garde productions by the energetic Check by Jowl company, which has been here twice for the Israel Festival. (Strongly Recommended.)

Single Spies, by Alan Bennett. New National Theatre presentation of the Guy Burgess and Antony Blunt conundrum. Is there anything fresh to be said about Britain's traitors? Apparently there is. (Strongly recommended.)

Mountain Language, by Harold Pinter. The first Pinter for almost a decade, and even though it lasts only 20 minutes it is a gem as a harrowing view of an unnamed totalitarian. Haunting performances by Eileen Atkins and Michael Gambon. (Strongly recommended.)

LONG-RUNNING PLAYS. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, by Christopher Hampton. Tickets for this elegant version of the poisonous 18th century French classic have been almost unobtainable during its four-year run, but are now occasionally available.

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, by Jeffrey Archer. Archer addicts won't want to miss it, but others may find it tedious. (Optional.)

MUSICALS, in order of popularity. *Phantom of the Opera*. *Cats*. *Starlight Express*. *42nd Street*. *Chess*. *Les Misérables*. *Candide* (new Bernstein-Jonathan Miller production described as an uneasy marriage of saccharine with the savage Voltaire satire.) *Brigadoon*. *Can-Can*. *Sugar Babies*.

A FEW practical hints to end. Comfort. Some of the theatres were built in the 18th century and remain like it. This means that, if possible, it is worth leaving coats, shopping and other paraphernalia outside or at home, to avoid being cramped in the small seats. This is demonstrably not true of the new theatres, particularly the wonderful National and the Barbican, where one can not only take in two or three shows at a stretch, but easily while away a whole pleasant day.

Pricing. Matinees are sometimes cheaper than evening performances, occasionally dramatically so. Half-price tickets are available from 2 p.m. at the booking office at Leicester Square, but invariably those for the more popular shows are not available, so be prepared for a lengthy queue. You can only buy for the same day. The National also has reductions on unsold tickets on the day.

Planning. Good planning of an afternoon's or evening's theatre is essential especially if one isn't living within close bus or underground distance of the West End. To avoid rush hours, it's often better to get in early; and that could mean enjoying an hour or so before the theatre at an exhibition. A Henry Moore retrospective at the Royal Academy in Piccadilly, and a David Hockney show at the Tate Gallery provide two excellent five o'clock interludes.

BACK IN LONDON. *The Sneezes*. Plays and stories by Anton Chekov adapted by Michael Frayn. (Strongly recommended for lots of lasting laughs.)

Love in a cesspool

DANNY AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA by John Patrick Shanley. Translation - Ella Almogor. Director - Roni Ninio. Set - Yossi Ben Ari.

CRYSTAL CLEAR by Phil Young. Translation - Eli Malke. Director - Gadli Roll. Sets - Yossi Ben Ari. Both at Beersheba Municipal Theatre.

BASTIEN AND BASTIENNE - an opera by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Director - Ya'akov Kaufmann. Conductor - Lior Shambadal. Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra at Tel Aviv Museum.



A scene from 'Crystal Clear.'

WHEN TALKING of theatre, never say die. Shanley's *Danny* at Beersheba, for one, shows that theatre here is very much alive and kicking, artistic doldrums and threats of bankruptcy notwithstanding.

This duodrama plunges us into a scene of unmitigated social sordidness and domestic horror. The difficult material is, however, so humanely presented we never recoil, but, on the contrary, commiserate. Shanley's text is a captivating passion play of the slums; his characters are denizens of the twilight zone of damaged lives, an area which spawns destructors for whom drugs, murder, rape and violence are the only real links with life. There is something of inverted Christianity too, in the progress from damnation to a crude kind of compassion, that goes from purgatory to pardon and finally spells love and moral reaffirmation.

Ninio's staging is marked by careful timing, invisible constraints and the subtle play of symbols. A terrible but not tiring intensity is sustained throughout. A sense of the tyranny of incarnate Evil is incrementally woven then subtly unravelled in a yarn of tenderness and rough-edged romance. Out of a cesspool of hatred, love slowly emerges. The metamorphosis is accomplished through the play's scarcely concealed poetic structure where a pattern of beautifully paced symbols and images temper the savage thrust of self-destructive drives.

In a context of violence, it is remarkable, too, how the body-baring scenes and lovemaking are an organic part of the drama. The director has made sultry sex, as all else in the text, serve the final statement of the play.

Ahuva Batz, the female lead, does very well indeed. In the new forum for young talents that Beersheba offers with these plays, directors Avram Ninio and Gadli Roll have already won acclaim. Batz, however, is a relatively new arrival; this her first heavy role. She plays the foulmouthed, guilt-ridden sadomasochist, Roberta, with surprising maturity and panache. Not only are her stage-presence, posture, diction and delivery striking, but the fury and the range of passion she displays will put her in line for the most demanding roles. Albi Gavriel, who plays opposite her as the "killer," Danny, gives a confident and credible performance.

AS A TITLE, *Crystal Clear* is short of subtlety though apt enough for this problem-play about yet another self-tormenting couple, this time trapped in a rudderless relationship.

MOZART was 11 when he wrote *Bastien and Bastienne*, which explains the childish quality of the content, but does nothing to diminish the delight of the music. Although both the acting and the singing of the three principals were somewhat uneven, the audience of musically appreciative children was in raptures. On the whole, this was an audience of music-lovers enchanted by their confrontation with a real tenor (Gabi Sadeh), as Bastien, who played opposite a pretty Bastienne (Lili Tuna), both with the blessings of a genial fisherman-cum-barber called Kolles (Izi Bornstein). Even to an adult ear the music, singing and orchestra provided gave a pleasurable three-quarters of an hour.

It may be a coincidence that the sets in all three productions reviewed here were designed by Yossi Ben Ari. The stylish economy of the bar that set off the *Deep Blue Sea* gave way to a more conventional clutter in *Crystal Clear*, while in *Bastien and Bastienne* there was the sort of pretty-pretty painted seashore house that takes the heart of children.

CORRECTION: Last week's review, *Hard Times*, begins with a comment on two shows at the Children's and Haifa Municipal, respectively. Corrected, it should read... "they confirm the length to which these two theatres are being driven by looming financial tragedy."

RENOWNED cellist Janos Starker from the U.S. will be the guest artist at the Israel Sinfonietta Beersheba's next series of concerts beginning on Monday, conducted by the Sinfonietta's musical director maestro Mendi Rodan. He will then encounter a former pupil and assistant, now principal cellist of the ensemble.

Starker is considered the world's most-recorded cellist today, with at least four different recordings of Bach's Suite for Cello and many records of contemporary music. "Concerts with a cellist on Janos Starker's level is a real musical treat and a unique artistic experience," Rodan said. "I am very happy to have him as our guest."

The cellist left his native Hungary in 1948 for the U.S., disillusioned with the post-war political atmosphere of central Europe. In his adopted country, he played as first cellist with the Dallas Symphony, Chicago Symphony and Metropolitan Opera Orchestra before beginning an international solo career in 1958. At the same time, he joined the teaching staff of the University of Indiana's prestigious School of Music where he is an honorary professor.

In this concert series, during the Sinfonietta's 15th season, he will play Jansen's Cello Concerto (first Israeli performance) and Cello Concerto No. 1 by Saint-Saens. The orchestra will also play *Pastorale d'été* by Honegger (first Sinfonietta performance) and Schubert's Sixth Symphony.

Performances will be given in Beersheba on the 26th, 31st and Jan. 1 and 3, at the Tel Aviv Museum on the 27th, at Ein Hashofet on the 28th, in Carmiel on the 29th, Kfar Sava on Jan. 2 and at the Henry Crown Hall in Jerusalem on January 4. (The Jan. 3 performance in Beersheba is part of the orchestra's Channel Four series and will include an opportunity for the audience to meet the artist after the performance.)

YEKUTIEL SHUR, the composer who won the Acum Prize in 1987, won this year's Liberson Prize for his work *Music for Five* for woodwinds and French horn. The other two finalists, coincidentally also kibbutzniks and both named Moshe - Gasner and Kilon respectively - submitted works for woodwinds plus harp. The three compositions,



Record cellist

selected from several dozen entries, were played at a concert at Beit Ariella earlier this month without the audience knowing who wrote them. Twenty members of the audience, music critics, composers and others, chose the winner.

THE ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN International Piano Masters Competition is in great need of friends and benefactors. The Sixth Competition will begin at the end of March 1989, and is expected to be the best ever, musically, but it may be the worst financially, with a budget deficit of \$100,000. These competitions each cost about half a million dollars to prepare and produce. Jacob Jan Bistrizky, their founder and director, explained recently. The Ministry of Education provides about \$225,000 but this allocation is in shekels and not adjustable in case of a devaluation. The Tel Aviv Municipality promised \$100,000 but now can only give \$33,000 because of its own budget squeeze, though the \$100,000 promise stands for future competitions. Donations from banks and other firms are harder to get than they used to be, Bistrizky said.

An effort is under way to increase the number of Friends (who pay NIS 150 for three years) and Benefactors who donate NIS 500 or more. They get preference in buying tickets to the competition and other events which the Rubinstein Society organizes. Tickets for the March,

those who suggested that only the three finalists - instead of the six semi-finalists - should play with an orchestra. We refused because we knew that, if one year our standards go down, we would no longer attract the world's best young pianists to future competitions.

The solution was to reach an agreement with the Israel Chamber Orchestra to play for the two semi-final concerts without charge, in return for a large number of tickets distributed to ICO subscribers. The IPO will play for the finals and for the gala concert in Jerusalem where the prizes will be presented. The conductor for all four orchestral concerts will be Jesus Lopez Cobos; Prof. Vardi even sees an advantage in the jury's being able to assess how competitors play with two different orchestras.

For the first time at this competition, there will be a juror from the USSR, Vyacheslav Ovchinnikov, and one from China, Professor Bao Hui Qiao. Prof. Vardi hopes there will be a competitor from the USSR next time - "they add spice to a competition because they represent their country, not themselves, and are extremely well prepared and motivated." The Israeli jurors this time will be the pianists Yosef Dorfman, Boris Berman and Emanuel Krasovsky, and the chairman of the jury will be Professor Zvi Avni.

As for the competition itself, 56 competitors from 22 countries have registered to participate. At the fifth competition three years ago, 55 had registered but only 29 showed up because of terrorist incidents which made many reluctant to come here. Professor Arle Vardi, speaking as a teacher rather than as chairman of the competition's artistic committee, said it is normal for between 10 and 20 per cent of registered competitors to "get cold feet" at the last minute and not come to a competition if they and their teachers come to the conclusion that they're not sufficiently prepared.

He explained that there is a large number of piano competitions in the world (50 in Italy alone) but only a few really important ones (countable on the fingers of one hand) and the Rubinstein Competition is in this exclusive club. "When the IPO asked \$40,000 a concert," he said, recalling critically that Rubinstein himself frequently played with it without remuneration, "and the Competition couldn't afford to pay them for four concerts, there were

\$10,000, the second, \$5,000, and the third, \$3,000. All three will receive gold medals. A cash prize and scholarship for three years of study will be made available to the best of the six Israeli competitors. Prof. Vardi is critical of Israel TV for not taping and broadcasting the competition, and has also called on the radio to broadcast the competition in its entirety since the hall at the Tel Aviv Museum, where the three recital stages will be held, is not large enough to accommodate all who are interested in hearing the competitors.

CHARLES DUTOIT will conduct the IPO in an evening of French music with three Israeli soloists. A native of Lausanne, he studied four instruments in his youth - violin, viola, piano and percussion - in addition to composition and conducting. His conducting teacher, the well-known Ernest Ansermé, had a profound influence on his musical development. Later, he studied at the Academy of Music in Geneva, where he won first prize in conducting, when only 22. His current position as musical director of the Montreal Orchestra follows a long line of such positions with the Berne Symphony, the Tonhalle Orchestra in Zurich, the Mexican National Orchestra and the Göteborg Orchestra in Sweden.

Dutoit is considered an excellent interpreter of French music, and has made many recordings which have received critical acclaim and won him international prizes including Le Grand Prix du Disque which he received for his recording of *Daphnis and Chloé* on the Decca label.

The three Israeli soloists appearing with Dutoit are all members of the IPO: principal cellist Michael Haran, principal flautist Uri Shoham and principal harpist Judy Lihor.

JEUNESSES MUSICALES, in cooperation with the Soviet consular delegation here, is organizing a benefit concert for the victims of the earthquake in Armenia. It will be held tomorrow evening at 8:30 at the home of Mrs. Aviva Goldman in Kfar Shmaryahu. Performers will be members of Jeunesses Musicales and young professional musicians who perform at schools under its auspices. Admission is by donation of at least NIS 25 at the door. □

Dance Dora Sowden

ALL THE world knows and loves *Cinderella*. Every classical company has staged some version of the fairy-tale since Charles Perrault included "Cendrillon" among his tales and the first ballet was set in 1822. Great choreographers from Ivanov and Cecchetti to Fokine and Ashton have created their versions and it has been danced almost everywhere. Our Israel Ballet gave it a handsome production about two years ago. Now a quite different *Cinderella* is coming - from France.

If the reviews of its performance in New York last year are anything to go by, it is "astonishingly original and magical" (Anna Kisselgoff of *The New York Times*). Choreographed by Maguy Marin, a new, startling figure in dance with her own company, this version was created for the Lyon Opera Ballet - the company that will bring it here next summer (July 11, 12 and 15 at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv) through the agency of Pinhas Postel. It will also be included in the Bat-Dor company's major subscription series for 1989.

According to the accounts, though Marin adheres strictly to the story, the scene is a toy shop and the characters wear doll masks. Yet this is not a doll ballet but "sophisticated, imaginative" - and "fantastic." The Lyon Opera Ballet's artistic director since 1984 is Françoise Adret, 68, veteran dancer, choreographer and ballet mistress for well-known international companies.

IN AN overflowing Jerusalem Theatre on December 17, the Joseph Holmes dance company of Chicago bettered its premiere performance five days earlier in Tel Aviv. On the Sherover stage, everything that glittered at the Mann Auditorium took on even more sparkle. The first and final works, Randy Duncan's *Bittersweet Av* and *Aretha*, by Holmes and Duncan, had heightened radiation. The centre items - a bracket of three brief pieces - gave the extra substance that the earlier programme lacked.

In Duncan's *Pursuit* (music by Weather Report), five men wearing only loincloth wrapping manipulated long sticks with a tribal pulse that combined the power of primitive simplicity and the sophistication of choreographic thrust. They didn't balance on the poles (as in their pictures) but used the weapons with a masculinity that made this episode a stunner.

In *The Long Road* (music: collage) by the late Joseph Holmes, the women's dramatic "language" exceeded their over-all skill and flexibility. Here they showed they could equal the men in eloquence of movement. In front of and behind a cage-like structure, three of them (Ariane Dolan, Kim Gadin and Winifred Haun) projected anguish, longing, and frustration with a kinetic vividness strongly reminiscent of Martha Graham accents. This was modern dance with terrific impact, like passionate monologue.

Yet even more intense was Duncan's *Turning Tides* (music: Bruce Roberts, Gavin Dillard, Sam Harris) for its taut-spring expressiveness and its power to stir. As in *Bittersweet Av*, the solos of Patrick Mulaney had an alarming virtuosity, summing up the character of the company as a whole - its rousing pulse, its throbbing vitality. And again in *Aretha* (this time against a background of impressionistic skyscrapers), the clear-cut brilliance of the men, the high-strung volatility of the women brought us jazz - jazz to the roots.



The ugly sisters in the Israel Ballet's version of 'Cinderella.'

This Cindy's no doll

EARLY NEXT year the Kibbutz Dance Company will premiere a new work by resident choreographer Rami Be'er called *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, set to the music of Paul Dukas. Be'er has been so successful in creating choreography to "story" music that one may look forward to this one, too.

His *Peter and the Wolf* (Prokofiev), *Carnival of the Animals* (Saint-Saens), and *Guide to the Orchestra* (Britten) will again be staged in programmes at the Jerusalem Theatre under the auspices of the Jerusalem Municipality. These will be presented together with the new work. Meanwhile, the company has

been performing at kibbutzim all over the country and has devised what it calls a "cameri programme" for settlements that have no suitable stage and use their dining rooms for performances. Also, at the Duhl Auditorium in Tel Aviv, the company will present a programme on January 7, featuring Anat Asulin's

Women from a Soft Rock (danced recently with acclaim in Hungary). Mats Ek's *Fireplace* and Be'er's *Guide to the Orchestra*.

The Hungarian ballet master Gyorgy Kraner, who worked for several weeks at the kibbutz company's Ga'aton studios, has left and been replaced by Alexander Georgakopoulos of San Diego, California, here for his third time of ballet mastering for the company.

ALMOST THE whole Jerusalem Theatre complex was taken over by Omanut L'Am on December 13 when local dance companies converged to show their work to cultural coordinators, directors of community centres, and other cultural officials, in the form of entertainment and instruction. At one time, different workshops were going on in four foyers; in between, there were performances in the Rebecca Crown Auditorium.

Organized by Ellida Geyra for Omanut L'Am, this was really a showcase event. The only difficulty was that since some things in the foyers ran simultaneously, it wasn't possible to see them in their entirety.

Prominent was Silvia Duran's glamorous Spanish dance group, presenting solos and ensembles. The company now includes a male dancer, and though they were all dancing on carpeted flooring, the effect was polished and stylish.

The Jerusalem Tamar Dance Company staged a part of its *Snow White* production in the auditorium. Amira Mayroz and David Rapoport, in rich, authentic costumes, danced Renaissance-style. Rapoport held a class in which he performed a solo and then got members of the audience to participate, using transparent rods.

Sally-Anne Friedland appeared in part of Tamar Ben-Ami's *First Person Conversation* and also held a class. Nir Ben-Gal and Liat Dror gave a delightful and illuminating demonstration of the relationship between music and movement, and also participated in a staged programme. The Ensemble Jerusalem presented Helga Langen's *8x10 Glossy* and the Magma Group was seen on video and in demonstration.

AMONG THE activities scheduled this month at the Nuzha el-Hakawati Theatre in East Jerusalem, three dance events are listed. The Nazareth Troupe "for popular and modern dance" is scheduled to perform on December 23 at 5 p.m. An explanatory note indicates that the company will combine "popular dances" with "the famous post-classical form of Arabic poetry," and "contemporary dance with local traditional songs."

On December 24 at 5 p.m., the Sharat al-Teby Folklore Troupe, formed in 1985, will present a programme whose aim is "to animate the Palestinian heritage." According to the brochure, this troupe has given performances in the West Bank and Gaza Strip as well as in the United States. "A variety of popular dances, songs and *dabkeh* (debkas) will come to the theatre from Ramallah on December 25."

The theatre's leaflet begins with this jolly introduction: "Here it is - our first cultural and artistic festival launched to your taste. We took care of the material. You take care of enjoying it." The tone is, however, somewhat dimmed by a concluding jolt: "On general strike days, the day of the activity will be announced later."

Bridge Hanan Sher

AMI DINAI, one of the proprietors of Jerusalem's newest bridge club, is not too proud to accept a little help from opponents - particularly when it allows him to execute a criss-cross squeeze.

But we'll get to the deal after we explain about the new club. Dinai and Shlomo Eliashar, two local bridge players, have obtained facilities in the Knesset Tower Hotel to provide a place for local bridge enthusiasts to get together. The club will run one pairs-competition a week (for prizes, not master points) on Monday nights, and will be open five days for rubber-bridge players. Classes and other special events will also start soon.

Eliashar and Dinai are keeping their club closed on Sunday and Wednesday nights to avoid competition with the duplicates of the Jerusalem Branch of the Israel Bridge Federation at the Na'amat club on Rehov Shalom Aleichem. The club will open at 3:30 p.m. weekdays,

WITH A LITTLE HELP

and earlier on Fridays and Saturdays.

DINAI'S DEAL comes from the rubber-bridge table where he was declarer in a four-heart contract, reached after he opened two hearts (an Acol two-bid), and West had overcalled in diamonds. Here was the layout:

North ♠KJ97 ♥Q4 ♦752 ♣Q1042	East ♠Q865 ♥1062 ♦63 ♣K576
West ♠A10 ♥C63 ♦KQJ104 ♣J953	South ♠432 ♥AKQJ97 ♦A98 ♣A

The opening lead, naturally,

The rest of the hearts were led, with two spades discarded on them.

The position on the ultimate heart lead, with East still to play, was as follows:

North ♠K ♥none ♦none ♣Q10	East ♠10 ♥none ♦none ♣J8
West ♠C8 ♥none ♦none ♣K8	South ♠32 ♥none ♦none ♣A

YOU WILL NOTICE, of course, that East was in the jaws of a criss-cross squeeze in which any discard would be fatal; he could not discard a club for then declarer would cash the ace of clubs, felling the king, and enter dummy with the king of spades to cash the queen of clubs for his tenth trick. Nor could

he discard a spade, because declarer would then play a spade to dummy drawing the last spades from both hands and enter his hand with the ace of clubs to cash the (established) small spade.

We'd hinted earlier at an error by the defence. Did you spot it? It came when declarer played a spade from his hand. The squeeze would not have worked had West not gone up with the ace, since declarer would have used his only entry to dummy prematurely before the squeeze matured.

Even after he won the ace West could have settled matters (once he took his diamond trick, perforce) by returning a spade, again destroying the entry before the squeeze was ripe. A club return would have worked too; but there was a strong risk that, single dummy, East might have "covered" dummy's ten with his king, establishing the queen as the tenth winner. □

הכרזה מן האוכל

Cinema Dan Fainaru

ALL RIGHT, here we have a film event. A six-hour movie can't be anything but.

Little Dorrit may not use all the material offered by the very long Charles Dickens novel, but it uses plenty. I can't go into too much detail about what is in the film and what was left out, since I haven't read it since my early teens; but in any case, it is my belief that a movie should stand on its own feet.

Not only is this one six hours long; it is divided into two equal parts, telling the same story from two different points of view.

It was shot entirely on the soundstage of a small family studio in London, with a most respectable cast that includes Sir Alec Guinness, Derek Jacobi and Cyril Cusack. The technique is pure British TV: high-class performances, camera moving between close-ups and medium shots, functional sets, a script that does not take more liberties than necessary with the original, if one is to believe the experts on one of the most popular English storytellers who has ever lived.

But even those experts, if they dare to be honest, will have to admit that six hours in a cinema is simply too much; seeing it in shorter instalments at home on video would be more civilized.

I feel I am almost committing sacrilege when I agree with them. After all, watching films on video is like listening to concerts on the telephone. But in this case, there was no good reason for blowing up the whole thing on the big screen.

The novel could be considered a modern tale in many respects, particularly in its portrayal of the money market as a deceptive jungle.



Sarah Pickering as 'Little Dorrit.'

Not-so-little Dorrit

It revolves around two pivotal characters, whose points of view are adopted by Christine Edzard for the film.

The first is Arthur Clennam, exiled by his mother to China, who returns to London after his father's death to start a new life, a sad, gentle and generous soul, ready to submit to his fate without protest. The other is Amy Dorrit, born in the Marshalsea debtors' prison to a mother who died in childbirth and a gentle but bankrupt father. The diminutive child takes care of her self-deluding father and her useless older brother and sister from her very early childhood.

Around these two leading figures, Dickens packed his story with an incredible variety of characters, both good and bad, worthy and treacherous, charming and infuriating.

Crooked bankers married to snotty wives, stubborn old ladies whose piety hides sinful secrets, loan sharks and their collectors; abject misery and poverty beside squalor

and their struggle to survive.

In the course of the film, many unexpected lies between the two families are revealed. The unweaving process starts with Arthur Clennam seeing little Amy Dorrit, who works as a seamstress for his mother, for the first time. He takes an interest in her, and later will even succeed in finding a solution for her father's financial plight, and encounter some troubles of his own. All this against a background of the monumental bureaucracy and fossilized class system which, to a great extent, determines the fate of each character in the story.

BY TODAY'S standards, this is ideal stuff for a TV serial, another *Forrest* or *The Pallisers*, the story unfolding at leisure, the characters gradually growing on you until they become part of the family. *Little Dorrit* on cassette could easily become a sort of bedside companion. True, it would still be an adaptation and Dickens's inimitable prose would be missing, but at least the feeling would be closer to the original.

Edzard evidently wanted something else, although exactly what isn't quite clear. Possibly an intimate epic; but the restrictions she worked under are too obvious to be ignored: the limited number of sets, the backdrops, the forced choice of angles that will hide the modesty of the means. The result is closer in spirit to claustrophobic stage conventions than to the open horizons of the movie camera.

A friend of mine argues that this is only fitting, since imprisonment of one kind or another, self-imposed or enforced, is a recurrent theme throughout the story. But since this feeling of a closed soundstage never disappears, it is difficult, for instance, to feel the breath of fresh air blowing over the iron bridge crossed every morning by Little Dorrit, or in the few country outings shown in the picture.

Shrunk on a smaller screen, some of these details might have been less visible, to their advantage. And the same is true when one considers the acting, superlative as it is.

Certainly Sir Alec Guinness as William Dorrit and Derek Jacobi as Arthur Clennam are masters of their art, controlling and delivering each phrase in exactly the right fashion. The trouble is that you see them carefully weighing their performance and shipping it for our admiration. Again, a smaller screen would have benefited both of them, put them in just the right perspective.

One could say more or less the same of those formidable performers as the late Joan Greenwood (Mrs. Clennam) or Myriam Margulies (Flora, once Arthur's sweetheart, grown into a caricature of feminine coquetry).

In contrast, Sarah Pickering's simple and realistic Amy has no such problem. She comes across as straightforward and unpretentious—probably the only way to tackle this "too good to be true" character.

THE DECISION to split the film into two parts, each covering the same events from a different angle, might suggest, on paper, a kind of *Rashomon* Dickens. But no such thing happens.

I have to confess that I did not observe any vast difference between one version of the same episode and the other, apart from adding some extra information. In most cases, the outlook of the second raconteur is exactly the same as that of the first.

As for the length, it might seem very uncultured of me to protest, but the fact is I do not believe anyone should read *Little Dorrit* at one go, all 800 pages of it. Nor do I believe that, if you want to preserve the same proportions in your adaptation, you should inflict it on your audience in such over-generous helpings.

And please bear one more thing in mind. If you do not see the second part of *Little Dorrit* pretty soon after the first one, you may find it even more difficult to register the differences between the two.

To sum up: This is very respectable stuff, very earnestly presented, but I am not sure the choice of packaging is right.

Nature D'vora Ben Shaul

Sanitation officers

SOME ANIMALS have bad names. They are disliked for one reason or another and become a symbol of evil. One example is the hyena. These large scavengers are so disliked that they are in danger of extinction, yet in truth they are somewhat maligned.

True, the hyena is a scavenger, but like the vultures and the buzzards, they are the sanitation officers of nature and they keep the areas clean of all that would otherwise breed flies and spread disease. They are quiet, rather shy animals that usually do not bother people. They will prey on newborn lambs and even on small calves if they get a chance.

I have known hyenas that were raised by people and have been impressed by their acute memories. One was raised by a friend, and when she was a pup I played with her. I did not see her again until she was almost seven years old, but the minute she saw me she was overjoyed, ran to me (which she never does to strangers) and wanted to play.

Hyenas can be found in all parts of Israel and are more numerous than they were a couple of decades ago, before many of them were poisoned. It took a good 20 years for the hyena population to recover.

Although shy, they are also brave. In Sha'ar Hagai, after a fe-



male hyena had been caught and injured in an illegal trap someone had placed in the wadi, she was taken by the Nature Reserves warden to a zoo for surgery. A few days later her young pup started to hang around our settlement's periphery fence. I tossed it some food and it ate it hungrily. I fed it for a couple of months but made no attempt to approach it since I did not wish to accustom it too much to people. After a time it came less often and finally stopped coming, though I found its footprints in the vegetable garden several times.

Like many other carnivores, hyenas enjoy eating some fruits and vegetables as well, and melons are a favourite. In the Nahal settlement of Kalia in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the hyenas did incredible damage to the melon fields, biting into the top of the melon, drinking the juice and eating the fruit.

Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

Russalka, 88 Herbert Samuel Esplanade, Tel Aviv. Tel. 03-653530. Open every evening except Monday from 7 to the wee hours. (No credit cards.)

MOST OF YOU have heard of Murphy's Law—the principle that states that if anything can go wrong, it will go wrong. But few of you will have heard of Shapiro's Law.

That is the principle that if there is one loud-mouthed, obnoxious person in a restaurant, he will be sitting near me.

Russalka is a small, intimate place with a very talented pianist-singer who delivers old Russian favourites in jazz idiom in a sort of Soviet-Sachmo style.

The lighting and the fact that one must ring a bell to gain entry—coupled with the all-too-audible conversation of my neighbour—all made me feel that I was taking part in a film, perhaps set in a black-market nightclub in war-torn Europe.

All this was a bit of a pity since Russalka is a charming place, the service was excellent and the food, on the whole, very good, even if the bill bordered on being exorbitant.

As the name indicates, Russalka is a Russian restaurant, although the menu is largely international in character with a few Russian dishes added, apparently more for colour than anything else. Nevertheless, I felt a moral obligation to begin my meal with herring.

The fillet set before me appeared

to be from a run-of-the-mill matjes, but the first taste indicated that it had undergone some secret process which had vastly improved it. The fish was subtle and tasty and not too salty. Served alongside were slices of raw onion, crumbled egg-yolk and a dollop of sour cream on a spinach leaf.

MY COMPANION also did her bit for Russian culture by ordering Ukrainian borscht served with sour cream. The borscht appeared to me to be rather thicker than the usual Jewish offering and someone thinner than the *goyish* variety.

In order to be truly in character, she also had piroshki with the borscht. These were far more like bourskas and less like blintzes than any piroshki I have seen before.

For my main course, I finally abandoned the Russian trip and ordered a sea bass (lokus) steak with mushrooms and almonds in a cream sauce. The fish itself was excellent, as was the sauce. What a pity that the chef had to use tinned mushrooms and ruin the effect.

My companion, on the other hand, remained true to the Russian nature of the restaurant and ordered the "Cutlet à la Kiev" (chicken Kiev), a dish which local connoisseurs might describe as looking like a giant koube. The breast of chicken, still attached to the wing bone, is beaten flat, filled with butter, and rolled up and fried.

This version, heavily seasoned

with dill, was very good—even for an Israeli for whom chicken schnitzel is hardly a thing of wonder. My companion pronounced the dish as considerably superior to that served in the Russian Tea Room in New York.

The main courses were accompanied by a rather badly cooked version of roesti, the traditional Swiss potato pancake. The potatoes were underdone and had absorbed far too much of the cooking fat.

The potatoes were in stark contrast to the creamed spinach, heavily flavoured with nutmeg, which I found excellent even if it is a dish which I enjoy making regularly at home.

Accompanying all of this was a bottle of Carmel Sauvignon '87, which surprised us favourably. Superbly dry, it had a sharp, clear flavour that followed through well, even if the bouquet was rather muted.

For dessert, we chose two of the parfait flavours being offered, chocolate and caramel. The chocolate was very chocolatey and, thus, I enjoyed it very much. I found the caramel rather disappointing, but my companion seemed to enjoy it less than very sweet taste.

Since our obnoxious neighbour was still carrying on, we were not inclined to linger over coffee.

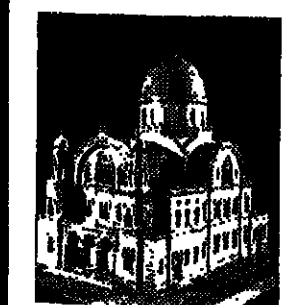
The bill came to NIS149, the sort of price I would be inclined to justify for a perfect meal. Though good, the dinner was far from perfect. □

This Week in Israel 03-7532222 The Leading Tourist Guide 03-7532222

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JERUSALEM MUSEUMS
the israel museum, jerusalem

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CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS
Bruno Munari: Works 1933 - 1988
Michèle Ullman: Graphic Designs
Clarice Smith: Paintings
In memory of Paul Balog
Hidden Connections
News in Antiquities

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS
All programs in Hebrew unless otherwise indicated.
Fri Dec 23, 1:30 pm: Film, The Herd (Turkey 1979)
Sat Dec 24, 11 am: Gallery Talk, Monet to Matisse, 7 & 9 pm: Film The Herd.
Mon Dec 26, 8:30 pm: Concert, Beethoven's Sonatas for Violin & Piano with Yair Kline - violin, and Victor Dervanenko - piano (Ticho House).
Tue Dec 27, 4 pm: Miti Tachere's Training: Prepares an Exhibition in your Classroom (Youth Wing). 5 pm: Gallery Talk, Israel Art - Reuben Rubin: Micha Ullman. 7 pm: Gallery Talk, Monet to Matisse, 8:30 pm: Lecture by Prof. Mordechai Omer, Tel Aviv University on Picasso's "Two Nudes" 1906 and the role of the double figure for Picasso and related artists (Patrons Lounge). 8:30 pm: Pictures of Israel: Theater in the Galleries.
Thurs Dec 28, 2:30 pm: Workshop on Comics characters for Grades 2+ - 7 & 9 pm: Film, Amarcord (Italy/France 1973) 8:30 pm: Lecture in English by Prof. John D. Bandiera, McGill University "Rodin: The Meaning of the Surface" (Patrons Lounge).

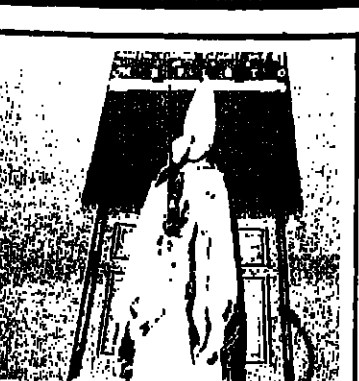
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Comics fun: Tues 4-7 pm; Thurs 2-5 pm Library: Sun Mon Wed Thurs 2-5; Tues 4-7
Recycling: Mon Wed 2-5; Tues 4-7
Stories: Tues 4:30 (Heb); Wed 4:30 (Eng) Workshops for parents & children: 3-4 pm; Mon (Heb); Wed (Eng) In the Footsteps of Small Vases: Tues 4:30 Family adventures, children 6+.

The Museum keeps its doors open with the help of its friends.
Dec 25-31: Mrs. Yvete Brunschwig

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Highlights: Sun Mon Wed Thurs Fri 11 am; Tues 4:30 pm
Archaeology Galleries: Mon Thurs 3 pm; Wed 1:30 pm
Judaica & Ethnography: Sun Wed 3 pm; Mon 1:30 pm
Shrine of the Book: Sun Thurs 1:30 pm; Tues 3 pm
Guided tours available by advance arrangement, call 698273.

Tickets for Saturdays & Holidays available in advance at the Museum and at the Ticket Agency, Jerusalem, and Rococo, Tel Aviv. Tickets for Concert Subscription Series still available at the museum and at Jerusalem Agencies, Klatm and Bimot.



Boris Bušan at the Palevsky Design Pavilion

MUSEUM HOURS
Sun Mon Wed Thurs 10 am - 5 pm; Tues 4 - 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book & Weizman Exhibition Pavilion 10 am - 10 pm); Fri Sat 10 am - 2 pm. Recorded Museum information (in Hebrew): 698222. Information 698273.

הכרזה מן האכל

The poster

December 23-29

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ARTISTS - Two actors at a railway station, on their way to a screen test in the big city, are drawn into situations and hostilities resulting from the tensions of their vocation. A Testummo Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

BEAUTIFUL COUSINS - A cabaret celebrating Israel's 40th anniversary, directed by Adina Tzl. Three women accompanied by Zion the pianist. A Jerusalem Theatre Group production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, Monday, 9:30 p.m.)

DANNY AND THE BLUE SEA - By John Patrick Shanley. Encounter between two youths, violent, vulnerable and hungry for love, on the fringes of a cruel society. A Beersheba Theatre production, directed by Roni Nino. (Khan, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

EVEN THE BIRDS WON'T BE HEARD - Based on poems and short stories by Aliza Elion-Israeli, inspired by her army service in Yehoram. With Aliza Elion-Israeli, Ruth Wieder, Eitan Greenberg and Kachava Emek-Shoshan (flute and bassoon). Directed by Gadi Lev. Produced by Aviva Wanderer. (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, Monday, 8 p.m.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY - By Terence McNally. Translated, adapted and directed by Shmuel Hasfari. A romantic comedy with a difference about two simple people, portraying the ordinary, grey, disappointing day-to-day side of life. With Gila Almagor and Yossi Graber. A Beit Liessin production, in cooperation with Moshe Yosef Productions. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)

A HOUSE POSSESSED - Directed by Hadas Ofrit. The characters of writers Karel Capek, O. Henry and Julio Cortazar inhabit a house wherein each one's moment of truth produces an ambience of time in which the strong desire for life connects them. (The Stage, Yad Harutzim 4, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

LEONCE AND LENA - By George Büchner. A political comedy with a seemingly ridiculous story-line, speaking out against stupid regimes and elegantly leaning on classic literary and philosophical sources. A Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

"YANTZI PARAZI" - By Eilat Ziv. A theatrical collage, made up of pictures which change at a mad pace, dealing with the conflicts and dreams of a group of Cassanians living in New York. A Khan Theatre production with music by Alon Ofershtik. (Khan, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARTISTS - See J'em. (Ramat Gan Museum of Israeli Art, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

THE CHILD BEHIND THE EYES - A monodrama by Navah Senel, with Assi Eliezer. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. Describing the world of parents of a child with Down's syndrome. (Beit Frankfurt, Tuesday)

THE CHINESE - Comedy by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Niko Nital. About a son who doesn't resemble his Chinese parents. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow, 9 p.m.; Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimtah production, translated, adapted and performed by Niko Nital. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Hall II, Monday, 9 p.m.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY - See J'em. (Beit Liessin, tonight, 9; Monday, 8:30 p.m.; Rehovot, Wz, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

HAMLET (A STRANGE TYPE) - A very strange comedy by Julius Lafont about an



"The Dining Room" is performed by the Haifa English Theatre.

actor who is about to portray Hamlet and can't face the task. Directed by Nicole Kassel. Translated and performed by Zeev Shatzki. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Hall II, tonight, 10:30)

I'M AFRAID OF YOU, VIRGINIA - Written and directed by N. Lanchet. Two actors in a play on the life of author Virginia Woolf and her husband Leonard, reality versus theatre, and a man and a woman caught between them. With Aviva Ger and Pauly Reshet. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier wounded during WWI. With Itzik Weingarten. (Tzavta, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

LIKE A BABY - Four human beings learn to play games borrowed from a civilized world which isolates them and locks them up in an institution. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

LOUISE - By Dalia Hertz. A man is about to leave Louise. The "other" woman comes to take him away and the parting takes place without any visible trauma, but Louise continues to dream her dreams. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight, 10)

L.S. DIONYSUS - Hasimtah production written and performed by Niko Nital. One man's journey to self-awareness. (Old Jaf-

love-hate relationship and their dangerous encounter with a younger couple. A Beit Liessin production directed by Michael Michum. (Beit Liessin, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

THE CHILD BEHIND THE EYES - See T.A. (Kiryat Bilik, Beit Katz, today, 9 and 11 a.m.; Haifa Theatre Club, tomorrow, Sunday, 9 p.m.)

THE DINING ROOM - A.R. Gurney's play depicts, in a mostly humorous fashion, several aspects of a fast-vanishing way of life. Presented by the Haifa English Theatre. Directed by Marjorie Cooper, in English. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

Beersheba

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS - By William Shakespeare. Suspense, surprise, expectation and exhilaration fill this comedy about two sets of twins. A Beersheba Theatre production, directed by Micha Levinson. (Beersheba Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday)

Others

AVIA'S SUMMER - The 10-year-old daughter of Holocaust survivors comes home from boarding school to spend the summer with her insane mother. Monodrama with Gila Almagor based on her autobiography. A Beit Liessin/Haifa Municipal Theatre production, directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Tirat Hacarmel, Ateret Cinema, Sunday, 10 a.m., noon)

BORN GUILTY - Based on the book by Peter Seidman. The story of the children and grandchildren of Nazis who grew up never hearing the truth of the war from their parents, but finding out gradually and living in the shadow of guilt. A Khan Theatre production, adapted by George Tabori, directed by Martin Fried. (Carmiel, Heichal Hatarbut, Sunday, Monday, 8:30 p.m.; Gan Shmuel, Hall, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

IN THE KITCHEN: Man Is Not a Bird - Written and directed by Ruth Hazan. A Kibbutz Theatre production about a day in the kibbutz kitchen and what happens between women who are "thrown" together. (Gasher Haziv, tonight)

MEMORIES OF THE SECOND GENERATION IN THE OLD CITY - An autobiographical happening in two parts, produced by the Acre Theatre Centre. Winner of two Acre Theatre Festival awards, directed by David Ma'ayan, this is an unconventional presentation taking place in four rooms, with the audience divided into groups. (Acre, Theatre Centre, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? - See T.A. (Safed, Beit Allon, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.; Kibbutz Dorot, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

DANCE

Haifa

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY - Presents, for children, Down North, Guide to the Orchestra. (Auditorium, Wednesday, 11:30 a.m.)

Others

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY - Programme of 3 works. (Hatzor, tonight)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GEM - Yosef the puppet, Ronnie and Alia tell the story from "A Thousand and One Nights," allowing the audience a look into the magical world of puppet theatre. Ages 6 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday, 4 p.m.)

HEY BIMBA - Based on the TV series. A car by the name of Bimba, human and wise, befriends a boy and a dog, and together they set out to help others. Adapted and directed by Azriel Asherov. For ages 3-9. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Monday, 4:30 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOK PROGRAMME - In English, for ages 3-6, with Betsy Diamant. (Israel Museum, Wednesday, 4 p.m.)

THE RACE BETWEEN THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE - A colourful theatrical version of the well-known story, presented by Ilan's Puppet Theatre. Ages 5 and above. (Train Theatre, tomorrow, 11 a.m., 12:30 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - For ages 4-7. With Gila

MUSIC

All concerts start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BEETHOVEN SONATAS - For Violin and Piano, with Yair Klees, violin; Victor Dervizianko, piano. (Ticho House, Monday)

CHAMBER CONCERT - Benefit concert for Migav Luchach Hospital, under the auspices of Costa Ricca Ambassador Mr. Luciano Allun-Ribas. With Ilan Kogut, piano; Ya'acov Barnea, cello; Eli Yampolsky, cello. Works by Beethoven, Poulenc, Brahms. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Sunday)

CHAMBER MUSIC "MINHA" - Concert No. 1. The Camerata Ramat Chamber Orchestra with soloist Adina Har'Of, harp. Conductor Oscar Gershon. Works by Mozart, Debussy, Britten. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model Hall, Sunday, 4:30 p.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Special concert in memory of pianist Frank Peleg. Conductor Stanley Sperber. Solo pianists Arie Vardi, Daniel Gortler, Valeria Bruskin, Shalev Ad El, harpsichord, Narrator Hayuta Dvir. Works by Ben-Haim, Mozart, Bach. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, tomorrow)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Tones and Voices, Concert No. 3; Conductor Luciano Berio. Shlomo Mintz, violin. The London Voices. Works by Berio, Puccini. (Sherover Theatre, Tuesday)

NEW DIRECTIONS IN MUSIC - In cooperation with the Jerusalem Institute for Contemporary Music. Electronic Music from Israel, France, U.S. With Daniel El-Ghannem, Francois Byle, others. (The Stage, Yad Harutzim 4, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.) Latest works: The Jerusalem Ensemble for New Music. (The Stage, tomorrow, 7:30 p.m.)

PIANO RECITAL - Yulia Lipmanovich plays works by Chopin and Schumann. (Jerusalem Rubin Academy of Music and Dance, Givat Ram, Wednesday. Admission free)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See J'em. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday)

Friday

THE SECOND programme in Yehoram Gaon's trilogy *Frangrances for Sabbath* will be broadcast on Radio Network Two at 16.05. Based on his research into his roots, the programme is titled *From Toledo to Jerusalem*.

IT WOULDN'T be Christmas without the annual rerun of the Bing Crosby/Danny Kaye favourite *White Christmas*. The story is about a top-notch comedy two-some who were buddies in the army. To keep their former commanding officer from losing out on an investment, they agree to perform at a Vermont inn where they run into a sister act - and romance strikes. The film will be shown on METV at 16.30.

CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS Hollywood-style with a galaxy of entertainment personalities including Lucille Ball, Walter Matthau, Burt Reynolds and others hosted by James Stewart. *Christmas with James Stewart* can be seen on ATV at 16.32.

MICHAEL ANDROPOLIS's life is a mess. He is in the process of a painful divorce, has just lost another job and seems to be a failure at everything he does. He realizes that he has spent his whole life trying to live up to other people's expectations, and that the time has come to do something that he wants to do: run. *Running*, co-starring Michael Douglas and Susan Anspach, will be screened on ITV at 22.15.

Saturday

THE NUANCES of language are an endless source of fascination. While many expressions can be faithfully translated from one language to another with little change in meaning, there are just as many which take on a different one. In *Productions at 18.00 on Radio Network Two*, Dalit Ormian talks about the French, Hungarian, Chinese, Arabic, English and Russian versions for Hebrew expressions such as *betayavon*, *lehayim* and *labriyut*.

IN A singing career spanning over 30 years, Cliff Richard has had an extraordinary collection of hits. *Radio Network Three at 20.05* will present a five-hour *Cliff Richard Marathon*, starting with his salad days and continuing to the present.

BASED ON the best-selling book by James Baldwin, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, screening at 20.35 on Channel Two, is set in a poor black neighbourhood in New York and illustrates the wide gulf between a Baptist lay preacher and his son. The film stars Joy Ahron, James Bond III, Rosalind Cash, Olivia Cole, Desirée Coleman, Paul Winfield and Linda Hopkins.

ALTHOUGH THE musical accent on Galei Zahal is predominantly on pop, the station does not entirely ignore the classics. *Zahal 2's* regular *Classical* news magazine of what's happening in classical music in Israel includes a concert by violinist Menahem Brover, violinist Rachel Kam and cellist Marcel Bergman, which was recorded recently at Tzavta in Tel Aviv.

TV & RADIO SCHEDULE

Friday, December 23 - Friday, December 30

CHOICE PICKINGS Greer Fay Cashman



Burt Lancaster and Elizabeth Scott in 'I Walk Alone,' on METV on Monday.

Sunday

A WIDOWER and his small daughter are sent to a Colorado town on a business trip. Their visit coincides with Christmas and they are instrumental in making a Christmas wish come true for one of the townspeople. *The Christmas Gift*, co-starring John Denver and Jane Kaczmarek, comes to METV at 21.00.

THE TWO subjects to be addressed in *Innovations and Inventions on ATV at 18.45*, are industrial waste and beverages. The programme looks at more effective ways of disposing of industrial waste, on the one hand, and improving the quality of wines and juices, on the other.

ACCORDING to Galei Zahal, you can condense 24 hours of news into a 10-minute broadcast. They aim to start proving this at midnight with the first of their new nightly news diaries, called *Till Midnight*. The diary will summarize the day's events from midnight to midnight.

Monday

SECOND ONLY to Robin Hood as a dispossessed nobleman who takes from the rich to help the poor, *Dick Turpin* made his reputation as a highwayman. Follow his adventures in this 26-episode serial which begins at 14.08 on ETV.

PROBLEMS arise when 11½-year-old Eran plays surrogate

parent to his younger brother and twin sisters. He not only bosses them around, but also demonstrates affection with hugs and kisses - which are refused by the little ones. This situation is discussed in *Family Relations* on ETV at 16.00.

IN A joint venture, beginning at 18.00 on Radio Network Two and continuing at 21.35 on ITV, the exciting events surrounding the brawn operation of bringing home the *Beats of Cherbourg* will be recalled by people involved in the mission which captured world headlines on Christmas day, 1959. Few people are aware that there was another mission in January of the same year...

WHENEVER PEOPLE catch a whiff of recession in the air, they start to remember *The Great Depression*, beginning in 1929 with the collapse of the New York Stock Exchange. Now, with another economic downturn around the corner, the time is again ripe for another assessment of the circumstances which paralyzed the U.S. economy 60 years ago. The five-part British series commences at 15.40 on ETV.

WHEN A mobster is released from prison after a 14-year stint, he tries to move in on his wealthy partner whom he shielded. But the underworld has changed while he's been in stir and his tactics are outmoded. Burt Lancaster and Elizabeth Scott play the lead roles in *I Walk Alone* at 16.30 on METV.

Wednesday

IT'S A CLASSIC case of biting the hand that feeds you: An ex-convict fresh out of jail is given a job by an ex-partner who manages a salmon cannery in Alaska. Instead of being grateful, the ex-con plots a raid on the cannery factory. *Alaska Seas*, to be presented at 16.30 on METV, co-stars Robert Ryan and Jan Sterling.

MANY THINGS can be used for purposes other than those for which they were designed. For instance, a pressure chamber designed to rescue members of submarine crews is also effective in helping victims of a variety of illnesses. *Tatzpit* on ITV at 20.30 will focus on this and also include looks at a computer that can "read" a book to the blind, and equipment which enables people whose lower limbs are incapacitated to walk.

THE SUSPENSE thriller on ITV at 22.05 is *The Man on the Roof*. The story concentrates on police actions taken when a man stands on a rooftop in Stockholm and begins shooting at law enforcement officers. The film, directed by Bo Widerberg, stars Gustav Lindstedt, Sven Walter and Thomas Hellberg.

Thursday

SET IN Texas, this lusty Western has the ingredients of violent love and hate in which brother is hostile towards brother, and father and son are opponents. *Duel in the Sun*, co-starring Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck, will be shown on METV at 16.30.

WHEN HE celebrated his 70th birthday recently, it was a worldwide event. A man who naturally attracts attention, he appeals even to people who are not particularly fond of music. *Leonard Bernstein - The Life of an Artist* is a 52-minute documentary in which the famous conductor and composer talks about his life and his music, taking viewers on a trip down memory lane to his childhood. You can see him at 19.20 on Channel Two.

ACCORDING to press reports, emigration from Israel has been at a peak this year as people have left to search for greener pastures. Yet if one speaks to Israelis living abroad, the overwhelming majority have plans to come home. Some of them actually do. *Homecoming on Channel Two* at 20.00 spotlights on Israelis who have been in the United States for varying lengths of time, and who are finally on the verge of returning.

A THREE-part documentary, *The Jewish Community of Babylon*, based on the oldest Jewish community in the world, will begin on ITV at 22.20. The series deals with the period from 1917 onwards.

... and next Friday

The Big Three, co-starring Kirk Douglas and Eve Miller, 16.30

John Wayne stars in *Donovan's Reef*, on ITV at 22.15.



Emilio Estevez is the new kid on the block in 'Stakeout.'

Peeping Toms

Stakeout (Touchstone. Dist. by Forum Films)

RICHARD DREYFUSS, who began his acting career as a greasy-haired teenager in *American Graffiti*, has since turned in a dozen memorable performances in such films as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. This time around, he's the old-timer, and Emilio Estevez (*Repo Man*, *St. Elmo's Fire*) is the new kid on the block.

Dreyfuss and Estevez play detectives waiting for an escaped prisoner (Aidan Quinn) to show up at the doorstep of his girlfriend (Madeline Stowe). While maintaining surveillance across the street, the two begin to take more than just a casual interest in the girlfriend. In no time at all, Dreyfuss, posing as a telephone repairman in order to place bugs in Stowe's phones, falls madly in love with her.

Full of twists and turns, romance and humour, *Stakeout* is a suspenseful and funny film that should be enjoyed after the kids are in bed (in the U.S., it was rated "R" for violence, nudity and profanity). And if you've been counting your grey hairs lately, you may find it gratifying to note that "old man" Dreyfuss plays the eligible bachelor, while Estevez plays the family man.

The Waltz King (Walt Disney. Dist. by Forum Films)

WHILE WALT DISNEY Studios was producing such animated classics as *Snow White* and *Sleeping Beauty*, it was also keeping actors off the dais. *The Waltz King*, a musical drama, was first aired on American television 25 years ago. Now it's available on videocassette, where it can be enjoyed by the entire family.

The life of Johann Strauss the Younger (1825-1898), the subject of a 1930s Hollywood film starring Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer and Miliza Korjus, is also the subject of the Disney film, which stars Kerwin Mathews as Strauss and Senta Berger as Henrietta Treffz, the singer he ultimately marries. Born into a famous musical family, young

Johann wanted to pursue a musical career, but his father wouldn't hear of it. After working as a bank clerk, he disobeyed his father and became a professional musician and composer of 150 waltzes (including *The Blue Danube*) and several operettas (including *Die Fledermaus*).

The stirring music is, in fact, as in the earlier film, the real star here. Also lovely are the period costumes and waltz sequences. In an age of films replete with sex, bad language and violence, *The Waltz King* is a welcome anachronism.

Alice to Nowhere (Crawford Productions. Dist. by Channel 1)

THE AUSTRALIAN Outback is the setting for this absorbing drama about an innocent woman being followed by murderers. Nurse Barbara Dean (Rosey Jones) is on her way to a new assignment in a small town called Birdsville when she literally bumps into a pair of jewel thieves fresh from a heist. When they spot the police hot on their trail, the thieves knock into Dean, leaving the contents of her suitcase strewn across the street. They help her collect her things—and in the process, place the fruits of their illegal labours in her case.

Dean has no idea that she's carrying stolen gems, making her an easy target for the criminals who want to reclaim their loot. She continues on her way, stopping to visit friends at Alice Springs. There she meets Dave Mitchell (Steve Jacobs), a rough-around-the-edges truck driver who agrees to drive her to Birdsville.

Just as Dean is ready to set off, the criminals catch up with her, but not before they have murdered an elderly woman. More desperate than ever to flee the authorities, they hijack the truck—taking Dean and Mitchell along for the perilous ride.

Although the film is three hours long (on two cassettes), you won't be bored. Excellent pacing, lots of suspense and good performances—especially by John Waters, who plays Johnny, one of the two criminals—should keep you glued to the tube. □

Cherbourg gunboats

AN EMBARGO BY the French government against the sale of arms to Israel was the prelude on Christmas, 1969 to a daring operation in which five gunboats commissioned by Israel were smuggled out of the Cherbourg Port at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The five were the last of 12 ships commissioned by the Israel Navy in 1965. The first five vessels were delivered in 1968 and two others were handed over just before the French government ban went into effect.

In order to get around the embargo, Israel arranged for the Akar shipyard of Norway to represent the Panama-based Starboat and Walli Oil Shipping Services, which purchased the five gunboats. It was subsequently learned that the major shareholder in the Starboat venture was an Israeli shipping company called Maritime Fruit Carriers, for which Akar had built several ships.

There was nothing illegal in the transaction; all documentation of sale was above-board. Had the French known what the final destination of the boats would be, however, it is doubtful that the sale would have gone through.

The architect of the Cherbourg operation was Mordechai Limon, then head of the Israel Defence Ministry legation in Europe. The French later asked that Limon be recalled, but while he left in apparent disgrace, he came home

to a hero's welcome and was warmly praised on his arrival by then defence minister Moshe Dayan.

All this and more come back to light **Monday on ITV at 21.35 in One Day**. The show is based, ironically enough, on a French Channel Three series which takes one day out of history and transforms it into a programme that is both educational and entertaining.

Israel Television producer Natan Caspi has adapted the concept for local audiences, using Oded Kotler as anchorman, narrator and interviewer. Kotler also helped write the script, for which much of the interviewing and archive research was done by Tamar Golan, *Ma'ariv* correspondent in Paris, and Yoav Tokar, who reports from Paris for ITV.

But the programme staff ran into trouble from an unexpected source: Ovadia Sofer, Israel's ambassador to France, was opposed to digging up any embarrassing material and allegedly sent a message to Foreign Minister Peres requesting him not to assist Caspi in making contact with key people in France. Similarly, the Defence Ministry was asked not to supply the producer with archive material.

Somehow, Caspi and his crew navigated around these difficulties and produced a one-hour

show built around history, nostalgia and song. The programme was produced at Herzliya studios, utilizing split-level sets. Interviewees include Limon; Rav-Aluf (Res.) Zvi Tsur, who was then Dayan's right-hand man and was at the Israel end of the operation; Aluf (Res.) Avraham Botzer, who was then commander-in-chief of the Israel Navy; and Tat-Aluf (Res.) Hadar Kimche, who actually executed the operation. Several of the interviewees will be heard earlier on the same day on Israel Radio's **Network Two**.

Caspi was interested in interviewing everyone involved with the gunboats—especially Martin Siem, the Norwegian anti-Nazi resistance hero who had been the managing director of Akar. But none of the Israelis who had been his friends had heard of him for years and assumed that he was dead. Caspi then decided to see whether Siem's son, a doctor in Oslo, would come to Israel to participate in the programme. He wasn't sure whether the younger Siem could speak English, so he looked around for someone here who could speak Norwegian. He found Jerusalem psychiatrist Rami Aronson, originally of Norway, and by coincidence, a friend of Siem's son. Then Caspi discovered that the elder Siem is still alive. Siem, however, resisted all overtures and refused to come here.

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IF YOU WANT to know more about *The Jerusalem Post* than what you read in the paper, just tune into **Radio Network One this Saturday, Dec. 24, at noon**.

In his fortnightly programme **Calling Card: A Man and His Profession**, Yehuda Koren will interview *Post* editor and managing director Ari Rath, who this year is celebrating three decades of work in journalism.

In order to give listeners a greater appreciation of the subject of his shows, Koren spends as many as 15 hours watching his

'The Post' on the air

Interviewee in action and capturing the atmosphere of his work places on tape.

He came to *The Post* on a Thursday morning—the busiest time of the week since Friday's extra-large paper is being planned then—and left many hours later, just as the paper was "being put to bed." With his microphone open, he sat in at hectic editorial meetings and even listened in on telephone conversations. While being interviewed by Koren in Hebrew, Rath broke off to give a telephone interview in English to an American network.

In between getting details of the editor's personal background, dating back to his boyhood in Vienna, Koren thus learned much about the behind-the-scenes operations of *The Jerusalem Post*, which just this month marked its 50th anniversary. Hear all about it—tomorrow at 12. □

Documentary on Babylon

SURPRISINGLY, it was not his own idea to do a television series on the Jews of Babylon, today Iraq, but when the idea was first mooted at Israel Television, Salim Fatal was a natural choice.

Born and raised in Iraq, Fatal has strong ties with Israel's transplanted Iraqi Jewish community and, as a veteran of ITV, had the professional know-how, ethnic background and connections to do the directing, editing and script-writing for the three-part series.

The programmes include information dating back to 1917 when the British conquered Baghdad. At that time, there was no discrimination against Jews by the Mandatory regime, and they were able to rise to places of prominence, especially in commerce. But this was short-lived. The rise of Nazism in Germany in the early 1930s found an anti-Semitic echo in Iraq.

Mandate rule in Iraq ended in 1932 when the country was also admitted as a member to the League of Nations, and a 25-year

treaty of alliance which it signed with Britain went into effect. After the outbreak of the war, pro-Nazi sympathies increased and there were extremists who advocated the breaking of the treaty with Britain and the creation of a new alliance with Germany.

In 1941, the Jews of Baghdad were the victims of a cruel pogrom which lasted for two days just before Shavuot, during which 179 members of the community were killed, some brutally. For his series, Fatal interviewed several survivors of the massacre, most of them intellectuals now living in Israel.

FATAL'S PROGRAMMES touch on other points of historical interest concerning the Iraqi-Jewish community, including the Jewish underground movement founded in Iraq in 1942 and directed by emissaries from Palestine (including Shaul Avigur, Enzo Sereni and Ezra Kadourie); the 1948-50 ban forbidding Jews to leave Iraq, during which time many fled illegally; the mass exodus of

Jews to Israel—code-named Ezra and Nehemiah—after the ban was lifted; and more.

In the three-year period between 1948-1951, close to 125,000 Iraqi Jews left their native land, legally or illegally, and settled in Israel. Approximately 6,000 remained in Iraq then, and the number has since dwindled so that only about 300 souls remain of the oldest Jewish community in the world.

Fatal, who himself came here in 1950, was fortunate to obtain footage of modern-day Iraqi Jewry: An Austrian television team engaged in a programme on the ethnic communities of Iraq had filmed the Jews. Other material was obtained from England, Germany, Switzerland and the U.S.

The story of **The Jewish Community of Babylon**, beginning **Thursday, Dec. 29 at 22.20 on ITV**, is a fast-paced documentary which fills many gaps in the knowledge of those whose concepts of modern Jewish history are rooted almost entirely in Eastern Europe. □

Jerusalem (Israel Museum, Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTUS AND CARIUS—Musical which teaches children all about dental hygiene. With Dori Gal, Avi Dor, others. (Ramat Gan, Molet, tomorrow, 11 a.m.; Kiron, Qinas, Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.)

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES—A modern puppet theatre version of the Hans Christian Andersen story, written and directed by Hagit Ya'ari. (Old Jaffa, Haimitah, tomorrow, 11 a.m.)

THE RACE BETWEEN THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE—See J'lem. (Hayarkon Park, Tuesday, 4:30 p.m.)

JOUL'S BIRD—Combination of acting, dancing and drawing, based on the book by Michal Snuitt. (Beit Liessin, tomorrow, 11:30 a.m.)

THE WITCH—A legend using shadows, with explanations and audience participation. Ages 4 and above. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow, 11 a.m., 12:30 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Subscription Concert No. 4. Series 14th. Conductor: Charles Dutoit. Michael Hran, cello. Works by Debussy, Franck, Lalo, Ravel. (Mann, Sunday through Wednesday). Series E: Conductor Charles Dutoit. Judith Liber, harp. Works by Debussy, Franck, Ravel. (Munn, Thursday)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA BEERSHEBA—Subscription Concert No. 3. Conductor: Moshe Rodan. Janos Starker (U.S.), cello. Works by Honegger, Janzon, Saint-Saens, Schubert. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

MORNING CONCERT—Piano recital: Natascha Tadson in an all-Bethoven programme. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 11:11 a.m.)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA—Conductor: Samuel Lewis. Rodika Kusub-Cohen, violin. Great Italian Composers: Rossini, Paganini, Respighi, Verdi, Poncehelli. (Netanya, Marcus Auditorium, Tuesday)

VIOLIN & PIANO RECITAL—Drorit Falk and Rachel Kirschstein-Cohen play works by Dvorak, Beethoven, Kreisler, Liszt, Gershwin. (Central Library for Music, Bialik 26, tomorrow, 8 p.m.)

YUVAL CLUB—Ramat Hasharon, Yad LeCholim. Piano Quartet plays works by Mozart, Mahler, Beethoven. (Tonight, 10). Piano Recital: Allon Goldstein plays works by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Prokofiev, Orgad. (Tomorrow, 9 p.m.). Ron Zeika, clarinet; Gild Karni, viola; Abraham Reichart, piano. Works by Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Mozart. (Monday, 9 p.m.)

CHAMBER CONCERT—Ronnie Rogoff, violin, and Harold Marina, piano, play works by Beethoven, Mozart, Franck, Webern. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA BEERSHEBA—See T.A. (Conservatory, Monday)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA BEERSHEBA—Subscription Concert No. 2: Viennese Classics. Conductor: Noam Yehi. Yair Kleiss, violin. Works by Mozart, Schubert. (Kfar Menaheim, Beit Habanim, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA BEERSHEBA—See T.A. (Ein Hashofet, Wednesday; Carmel, Helchal Hatarbut, Thursday)

Jerusalem

AFTERNOON JAZZ—Jam sessions. Admission free. (Purgod, Fridays, 1:30 p.m.)

DANCE FREE—Express yourself through dance to all kinds of music. Moderators: Dina Gal, Miriam Iron. (ICCY, Emek Refa'im 12, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)

DANNY ROBAS—Sings "Names and Faces." (Wise Hall, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

JAZZ—Zvi Rodan, Guitar/vocals; Zvi Levine, upright bass; Joe Barnett saxophone. (Around the Barrel Pub, 22, Shlomo Hamelch, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI—Presents "One For One," a programme of old and new material in which he accompanies himself on piano and guitar. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA—The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

NAZARETH DANCE TROUPE—Combines popular dances, post-classical Arabic, "Muwashahat," contemporary dance and local traditional songs. (East J'lem, Nuzha/El-Hakawati Theatre, today, 51)

PIANO BAR—Every evening from Saturday through Thursday. (Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Timna Lobby Lounge, 5 p.m.—7:30 p.m. and 9 p.m.—11:30 p.m.) Fashion Show. (Ramada, Timna Lobby Lounge, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.) Sing Along with an Israeli Singer. (Ramada, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

POPULAR SONGS & DANCES—Group from Ramallah presents dabke; Walid Abdel Salam sings a variety of songs. (East J'lem, Nuzha/El-Hakawati, Sunday, 5 p.m.)

RITA—Rita in her first solo concert, sings songs from her first and second, highly successful albums. Accompanied by four musicians. (Sherover Theatre, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

ROCK—With the Top Hat Carriers. (Pargod, Monday, 9:30 p.m.)

SHARAF AL-TEEBY FOLKLORE TROUPE—Palestinian folklore in songs and movement. (Nuzha/El-Hakawati Theatre, East J'lem, tomorrow, 5 p.m.)

SONG CLUB—Singing with the Parvarim and Shlomo Tzabari. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model Hall, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

YEHUDA POLIKER—Accompanied by five musicians, in a new show comprising songs from his latest album, "Ashes and Dust," plus others. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BIBLOS JAZZ CLUB—Arale Kaminsky's jazz club, 128 Petah Tikva Rd. Arale Kaminsky hosts jazz musicians plus jam sessions into the night: Jaroslav Yakobovits, saxophone; Danny Gottfried, piano; Eli Magen, bass; Arale Kaminsky, drums. (Wednesday, 10 p.m.)

DAPHNA ARMONI—Sings, accompanied by Moshe Levy. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, tonight, 11)

GALI ATARI—One of Israel's leading singers in her new programme "One Step After the River." (Ramat Hasharon, Tzavta, tonight, 10)

HANAN GOLDBLATT—Yuval Theatre presents actor Hanan Goldblatt in his one-man show, mostly stand-up comedy, sprinkled with songs and songs. Accompanied by musical trio. (Herzliya, Daniel Tower, tonight, 10:30)

JAZZ—"From the Other Side"—instrumental big band with Black Hebrew singers Zipora Bat-Yehuda and Shvitha Bat-Israel. (Old Jaffa, Hassimtah, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

Jerusalem

JAZZ ENSEMBLE—No details available. (Old Jaffa, Hassimtah, tonight, midnight)

KASSIT JAZZ—Jazz evening led by Ilan Mochluch, with Gil Dor and others. (Kassit, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

MEIR BANAI—The singer in his show "Rain." (Holon, Beit Mifal Hapayis, tonight, 10)

ORA ZITNER—A humorous, touching evening of songs of love, loneliness and life's entertaining moments, translated from French. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

SATIRICAL CABARET—"How Does It Really Work?" Three young men poison the atmosphere in a virtuoso manner. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Monday, 10 p.m.)

SHLOMO NITZAN RECOUNTS AGNON—In honour of the hundredth anniversary of S.Y. Agnon's birth, Shlomo Nitzan presents a programme of the Nobel Prize laureate's stories, letters, speeches and anecdotes. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

STAND UP COMEDY—Well-known local humorists improvise. With Shmuel Vitolzhni, Rami Stern, others. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Thursday, 10 p.m.)

THE TWELFTH NIGHT—(Ramat Hasharon, 5 Haharoshet St.) '60s rock (Tonight, 11); Blues and Country with Michael Simons and Gideon Yuval (Tomorrow, 10:30 p.m.); Jazz evening (Monday, 10:30 p.m.) Black music and contemporary rock with Zachariya. (Wednesday, 10:30 p.m.)

TZAVTA VIDEO CLUB—Moderator: Yoav Kutner. "1980 in video clips." (Tzavta, Wednesday, 11:15 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR—Jazz marathon with some of Israel's best ensembles. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Sunday, 7 p.m.—1 a.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI—Songs of Eretz Yisrael. (Beit Liessin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

YEHONATAN GEFEN—"Tov Nabut Be'ad Artzeinu" a cabaret of new skills and songs. With singer/comedian Gani Tamir. (Tzavta, tonight, 10 and midnight)

YITZHAK KLEPTER—In his new show "Holding On," accompanied by four musicians. (Harof, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

DANNY ROBAS—See J'lem. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tonight, 10)

MAMI—Rock fantasy written and directed by Hillel Mittelpunkt. (Auditorium, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

ROCK-VIDEO NIGHTS—With moderators: Yoav Kutner. Programme: Jim Morrison (Doors) and Jimi Hendrix. (Haifa Museum, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

SHOSHANA DAMARI—The queen of Israeli song, winner of the prestigious Israel Prize for her contribution throughout over 40 years in a new show based on her latest album "Light." Songs taken from her endless repertoire, with new adaptations by Matti Caspi, promise an original, highly enjoyable Israeli evening. Orchestra conducted by Matti Caspi. (Auditorium, Monday, 9 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD—Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Elial, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)

DANNY ROBAS—See J'lem. (Ashkelon, Beit Wook, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

SHOSHANA DAMARI—See Haifa. (Nahariya, Hod, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

Jerusalem

REUVEN RUBIN—Jerusalem Landscapes—figures and panoramic views of the city from the 1920s and '30s. (Merzbacher Galleries for Israeli Art, Israel Museum.)

BRUNO MUNARI—Works by pioneering designer. (Palevsky Design Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

MICHA ULLMAN—"Containers." Large scale sculptures. (Ayala Zacks Abramov Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

CLARICE SMITH—Contemporary inner-directed American realism (Billy Rose Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

QAJAR ART—entertaining and occasionally mildly erotic painting and superb lacquer work from 19th century Persia. Till summer. (L.A. Mayer Institute for Islamic Art.)

MEIRA UNA—Hanukka lights. Till Dec. 26. (Cadmim Ceramics Gallery, 12 Yoel Solomon, Tel. 240655.)

MICHAEL KOVNER—"Border landscapes." Till Dec. 29. (Bezalet Fine Arts Academy, 68 Yirmiyahu.)

MEN-LANDSCAPE—Group show of Ceramic Artists Assoc. of Israel: RIMONA KEDEM—works; LESLIE J. KLEIN—paintings: The Eden Trilogy. All shows till Dec. 27. (Jerusalem Artists House.)

VARDA GETZOW—Drawings. Till Dec. 28. (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem.)

JEAN KADMON—Sculptures, painting and prints. Till Jan. 6. (American Cultural Centre, 19 Keren Hayesod.)

HAYA ESTER—Drawings, paintings. Till Jan. 7. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben-Maimon.)

IRITH BLOCH—"Events," pastels; CARINA KAYE—Recent works. Till Dec. 27. (Ariel Brown Galleries, 6 Yad Harutzim, Telplot, Tel. 721453.)

TANIA SLUTSKY—Watercolours, drawings, etchings. Till Jan. 8. (Shatz Gallery, 4 Shatz.)

PESSAH SLABOSKY—"Mitzya G'dola," recent painting. Till Jan. 12. (Habamah, 4 Yad Harutzim, Telplot, Tel. 633418.)

Tel Aviv area

"UPON ONE OF THE MOUNTAINS"—Jerusalem in Israeli art. First exhibit in new museum. (Genia Shreiber University Art Gallery, Tel Aviv University Campus, Ramat Aviv.)

YOSEFINA SAAR—"Spirals" in paint. EIDINGER, ABRAHAM, PREMINGER AND RABINOWITZ—Group effort. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi.)

SHULA MIZRAHI—Paintings titled "Woman." Till Jan. 5. (Touchwood Gallery, 246 Dizengoff, Tel. 5460755.)

ILAN KETER—Conceptual sculptures. Till Jan. 18. (Sharett Gallery, 18 Mishmar Hayarden, Givatayim.)

PAUL KOR—"Dialogue with a Rose," paintings. Till Jan. 7. (Rosenfeld's Gallery, 147 Dizengoff, Tel. 229044.)

AGI YOELI—Sculptures. Till Jan. 4. (Ephrat Gallery, 21 Gordon, Tel. 237624.)

JOSHUA NEUSTEIN—Works from the '50s till the present. Till Jan. 8. (Art Workshop Gallery, 25 Sderot Duani, Yavne, Tel. 08-435512.)

NEOMI SMILANSKY—Etchings. Till Dec. 29. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel. 0540202.)

YEHUDA OPPENHEIMER—Colour photographs. Till Dec. 31. (Photography Club, 12 Eshter Hamalka.)

Yael AZULAI—Watercolours. Till Dec. 28. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa, Tel. 829675.)

VARDA YATOM and MARGRETH LAM DAN—Twilights. Till Dec. 30. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel. 232533.)

SHMUEL SHMUELI—Photographs. Till Dec. 29. (Kibbutz House Gallery, 13 Da Vinci.)

NETA ABRAMOWITZ and NILI BARKAN—Metal and stone sculptures. Till Jan. 3. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, 38 Ben Yehuda, Herzliya, Tel. 052-540117.)

RONI DARIN—Still life. Till Jan. 2. (Tova Osman Gallery, 100 Ben-Yehuda, Tel. 227687.)

MIKA GINZBURG—Around the world with watercolours. Till Dec. 31. (Carlyle Gallery, 97 Ahad Haam, Tel. 290718.)

BAT-SHEVA RAVID—Landscapes then and now. Till Dec. 30. (Gallery 2000, 164 Dizengoff, Tel. 540590.)

The poster

LETURGICA '88 CHORAL MUSIC IN JERUSALEM 29.12.88-7.1.89

It's Liturgica time in Jerusalem, and this year there are seven concerts to choose from. Anyone purchasing tickets to two different concerts, or more may receive a special bonus ticket to one of the two "Etnahita" Special Matinee Concerts. Tickets can be bought at Jerusalem Theatre box office, Himel and Klaim agencies and "Cantiland" (Hebrew U., Mt. Scopus); Tel Aviv: Hauran and Castel agencies; Ramat Hasharon: Hasharon agency.

All concerts, except for "Etnahita," at 8:30 p.m.

VERDI PROGRAMME - Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, IBA: The Universities of Oklahoma, South Carolina and California choirs. Conductor: Lawrence Foster. Four Sacred Places for Choir and Orchestra; Overture "I Vespri Siciliani"; Preludes from "La Traviata"; Overture "La Forza del Destino." (Sherover Theatre, Thursday 29.12.88, Saturday 31.12.88)

"ETNAHITA" SPECIAL MATINEE CONCERT - Lily Turech, soprano; Yigal Turech, violin; Michael Hiran, cello; Shimon Rukhman, organ. Programme: Frescobaldi: Bergamasca from "Fiori Musicali"; Handel: 9 Cantatas; Diller: Chaconne Op. 8; Mendelssohn: Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, Op. 37; Bach:



In 1986 the International Choral Assembly performed at the Jerusalem Theatre.

(Joel Fishman)

Prelude and Fugue in D Minor. (Dormition Abbey, Thursday, 4 p.m.)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CHOIR - An a cappella programme with interludes played by Elisabeth Roloff, organ. (Dormition Abbey, Sunday, 1.1.89)

BACH EVENING - Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, IBA: The Universities of Oklahoma, South Carolina and California choirs. Conductor: Sergio Comisano. Soloists: Hilde Leidland and Lily Turech, soprano; Catherine Wyn-Rogers, mezzo-soprano; Roberto Sacchi, ten-

or; Brian Bannatyne-Scott, bass. Magnificat in D major; Bach/Webern: Ricercare from "The Musical Offering"; Bach/Stravinsky: Choral "Vom Himmel Hoch"; Bach/Stokovsky: Toccata and Fugue in D minor. (Sherover Theatre, Monday, 2.1.89)

Williams, F. Poulenc, P. Chihara and F. Marin. Interludes played by Elisabeth Roloff - organ. (Dormition Abbey, Wednesday 4.1.89)

SPECIAL "ETNAHITA" MATINEE CONCERT - Ankor Children's Choir conducted by Arnon Merz. Adina Har-oz, harp; Elisabeth Roloff, organ. Monteverdi: 4 Canzonas; A. Ehrlich: "You Do Not Know" (Ecclesiastes); Britten: A Ceremony of Carols; Oded Zehavi: "See the Sun" (Ibn Gvirol); Mendelssohn: "Surrexit Pastor," Op. 39/3. (Dormition Abbey, Thursday, 5.1.89, 4 p.m.)

ST. LUKE PASSION - By Penderecki. Israel premiere. Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, IBA: The Universities of Oklahoma, South Carolina and California choirs; Ankor Children's Choir. Conductor: Krzysztof Penderecki. Soloists: Jadwiga Gdulenska, soprano; Boris Carmeli, bass; Andrzej Holski, baritone. Narrator: Gustaw Holubek. (Sherover Theatre, Saturday, 7.1.89)

INTERNATIONAL CHOIRS IN CONCERT

This event, organized by the Ministry of Tourism, has become a tradition in Jerusalem and now takes place annually with the participation of choirs visiting Israel during Christmas. They will be singing folk and religious songs from their countries of origin. There will also be a concert in Acre. In both concerts the visitors will be joined by an Israeli choir: In Jerusalem by the Chamber Choir of the Rubin Academy; in Acre, by the New Chamber Choir. From abroad: Alois Choir and Pueri Youth Choir (Switzerland); Orfeon Cacereno and Coro Los Veteranos (Spain); Shilo Baptist Church Choir (U.S.) (in Jerusalem only).

Jerusalem: In the presence of the Minister of Tourism Mr. Avraham Shari. Sherover Theatre, Sunday, 8 p.m.

Acre: In the presence of the Mayor of Acre, Mr. Eli De Castro. Wolfson Auditorium, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.

Rock, etc. Andy Goldberg

LIKE EVERY other normal person in this crazy country, Shlomo Gronich is a man of paradoxes. His latest album, *Neudat Sheima* (Moonlight Walker), is the perfect reflection of that.

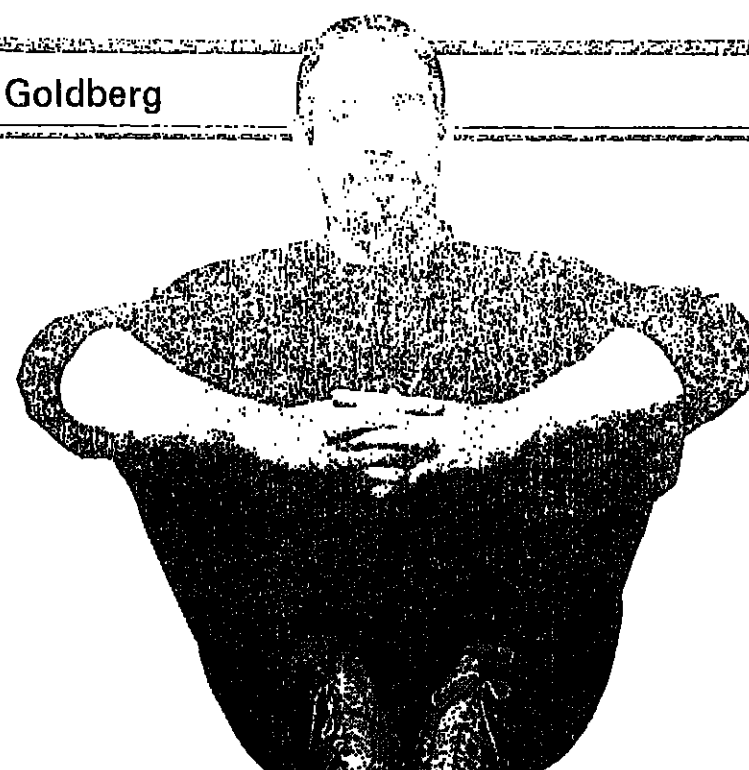
Not only are its eight tracks strikingly different from one another both musically and lyrically, the very concept of the album is a paradox.

Gronich claims that it is his most personal and intimate work to date, but at the same time it is a subtle and striking protest album, born of a frustration and pessimism over everything that Israel has become.

His preoccupation with the personal stems from the feeling that everything outside his own little world has somehow turned sour. Over the years, he has proved that he is an artist who cares deeply about what is happening in the country.

But now, he says, "it's reached the point where it doesn't do any good to talk about how bad things are. The only way to survive here anymore is to forget about what will happen."

His album, he says, "reflects extremes - between good and bad, happy and sad, young and old, classical and rock. I'm a man of opposites. I want to be in this land but I



NOWHERE MAN

can't. I want the audience to love me, but I don't."

The album, Gronich's first in five years, reflects a change of direction in other spheres, too. Gronich contends that it is made up of three major musical strands. He calls the first "communicative rock," complicated but accessible; the second is

an avant garde approach, mixing influences of Prince and hints of Tom Waits with Gronich's own long-standing desire for experimentation; the third is Gronich and his piano, performing a batch of love songs.

The album's more commercial style, he says, is an expression of his disillusionment with Israeli fans and

their capacity to appreciate anything out of the ordinary. But it also reflects a change that comes with age.

He's now 40 years old, has been in the business for 20 years, and the label of the "bad boy of Israeli pop" no longer has much appeal for him. "The years have taught me lots of things: to be more moderate, to even out, not to be a man of extremes but to be more relaxed," he maintains.

But he also takes no small amount of pleasure in being different. "Maybe by Israeli standards I'm wacky, but I'm just a simple man. When I was young I did want to be wacky. I thought it was a parallel to talent, but it was never a call for attention," he says.

As for his long hair, "I still get a lot of pleasure if I'm going in the street and people shout at me because of my hair. I'm happy that it hurts them. I'm not a chauvinist. I'm proud of that, and I won't change. 'This country is ruled by the penis and the rifle. As though people actually want a war, power is the ideal. People don't want peace here,' he asserts.

But if Gronich is disillusioned with the outside world, he's more than happy with his personal life. His 10-year relationship with his filmmaker wife Nirli might almost be transformed into a manual for

successful marriage, and the more intimate songs on the album give an insight into Gronich's feelings.

It's the first time since his youth that he has written his own lyrics, something he admits was not easy, but which in retrospect was well worth the trouble. In "As Time Goes By," for example, he knew that he wanted to write something but didn't know exactly what. Putting the words on paper clarified his thoughts, and the result is a touching and stark ode to a bond that gets stronger as the years pass. It is a song touched by sadness, too, the sadness of a man who feels marooned on an island of perfect serenity while the sea around becomes ever more repelling.

But for all his bitterness, Gronich comes to the conclusion that it is still well worth living. "That statement is even more important here than elsewhere," he points out. "In this part of the world, life has lost its significance. Death is always with us. So life is much more precious."

It's an album with a sure but sad touch. It's about how to survive when you feel that the insane has become the rational, when good has been subverted to bad. And that's what gives Gronich his power. "In bitterness," he says, "lies the power of creation." □

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MUSIC

Saturday 24.12 at 8.30 p.m.
Rony Rogoff - violin
Harold Martini - piano
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Tuesday 27.12 at 8.30 p.m.
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הכרזה מן האל

The art scene

Saints and harem girls

Meir Ronnen

ASK ANY western male to summon up an image of a harem girl and he will probably describe a very young but nubile female bedecked with jewellery and covered in titillating diaphanous veils. It comes as something of a shock to find that 19th century Persian court painters, whose patrons often had hundreds of girls in their harems and others employed as musicians or dancers, saw them in much the same way. Perhaps the legend is founded on fact after all.

The evidence can be seen at a highly entertaining exhibition of 19th century Qajar paintings and exquisite 19th century lacquered book covers and pencil cases recently opened at the L.A. Mayer Institute, more popularly known in Jerusalem as the Islamic Museum. The show occupies two large galleries and the oil paintings in one of them are almost entirely devoted to court ladies and entertainers, several in gowns that expose their breasts, albeit beneath a piece of see-through chiffon. Many of the tall canvases are in a pointed arch format, having originally been painted to fit the niches of rooms in the palaces of Shiraz.

Nevertheless, these beauties are all demurely decorous, even in a painting of a topless mother and her naked daughter, both clad in a see-through veil, in a serene pose that seems to prestage the quietly erotic domestic scenes painted more recently by Balthus. The naked child is also a reminder of the hundreds of princes and princesses fathered by the luxury-loving voluptuary Fath Ali Shah (1797-1834), a reputedly kindly and handsome man who was a lavish patron of the arts. The Qajar period dates more or less from his birth and lasted, in one form or another, until 1925.

For the art lover, these pictures have another fascination. While they represent a form of decadence and kitsch that afflicted salon painting everywhere in the 19th century, from Paris to Tokyo (the near-life-size oils of harem girls often look like detailed enlargements of Persian miniatures), they are also evidence that Western art had a continuing influence on the arts of Asia, China and Japan, an influence that began with the opening of the Silk Road (and the adventurous voyages of the Portuguese and Dutch).

Oil painting was practised in Persia in the Safavid period, as early as the mid-17th century. European monarchs had presented their portraits to the Safavi Shah and European and Armenian painters were at work in 18th century Isfahan, but the main inspiration appears to have been Flemish. The Qajar style was born in Shiraz, where the moving spirit was an 18th century artist named Sadiq, who painted in oils as well as doing miniatures and lacquer. His followers achieved a synthesis of Western methods and the meticulous local traditions that re-



19th century
niche-shaped
Qajar
painting

Magic of Munari

Meir Ronnen

BRUNO MUNARI, the octogenarian Italian designer, artist and educator who has been in the forefront of modern design in his country since its inception, is being honoured at the Israel Museum with a retrospective of sorts, taking in works from 1933 to the present, although there are also some sketches from the Twenties on view, attesting to an early interest in geometry (then via cubism and futurism) that has persisted throughout his oeuvre.

Munari, who has been seen before at the museum, is a serious designer devoted to fun and surprise. Like a birthday party magician, he strives to entertain, but his bag of tricks also includes the practical and the didactic. His work is of immense diversity, but what is really astonishing is that it all gives the appearance of being breathtakingly simple, brought off with a minimum of means.

A devotee of minimalism, Munari always, or nearly always, manages to stop short of aridity. The quality most characteristic of his lamps and furniture, sculptures and even rugs, is one of airiness, a light touch. There was never anything heavy-handed about even his most figurative book illustrations. On the other hand some of the sculpture, if ingenious, is distinctly lightweight. The furniture, one piece on view being elegantly formed of little more than stamped metal mesh, is not always inviting. One can imagine the mesh love seat in a high-tech office rather than in a home.

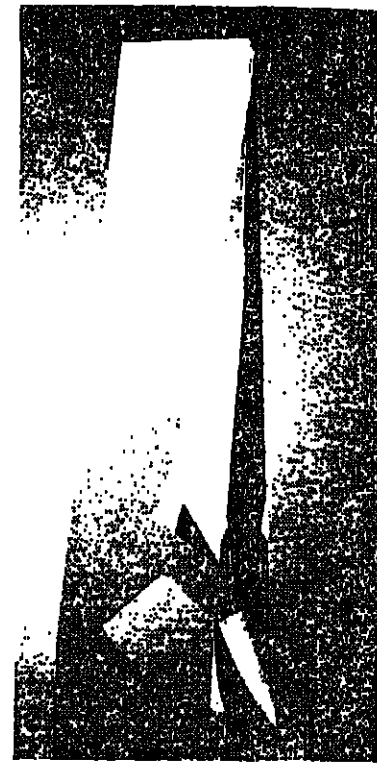
A case in point is his Abitocolo, a child's bunk bed-cum-playground made of mesh and hung with receptacles and a moveable lower deck which can double as desk or be raised to create further room for hung storage. In fact the use of the system is limited only by the ingenuity of the child (or its parents) and encourages the development of imagination. An advertising illustration shows how colour and warmth can be introduced to enliven the soulless skeleton. The concept is brilliant and the design far more complex than meets the eye.

Munari's sense of the playful is apparent in his magpie eye for the potential use of found objects. He and even mundane still-life, are rendered in a rather more western manner, despite the local imagery. Many of them, in their efforts to confront western canons of perspective and depiction, appear to be almost naive, but, in most cases, this only adds to their charm.

The large still-life are among the most beautiful of all the canvases and look forward to the huge contemporary still-life paintings by Botero. Contented, firmly-in-charge cats, also treated in a naive manner, are the only breathing presence in these delightful works; they have replaced the dog that often appears in Dutch genre painting, dogs being unclean to Moslems.

It is the huge and very human variety of this show that makes it so entertaining. It was assembled by Director Gabriel Moriah, who obtained the smaller objects and lacquer ware on view from the Museum of Bern, which has the best collection of these items in the world. The paintings are mostly loans from three private collectors in London and Switzerland. The exhibition will be open until the summer, but merits more than a single visit, for there is more to see than can be absorbed in an hour or two.

Moriah is currently readying a new show of classic clocks, for new collections obtained by the Institute have replaced and even superseded the antique clocks stolen from the premises in the Seventies. The clock show is to open early next month. □



Bruno Munari: Travel sculpture, paper, 1958 (Israel Museum).

paints tiny figures on a large pebble in diminishing perspective to give depth to the strata, or stands a piece of cut pine so that its scarred bark seems transformed into suggestive clothing. A paint brush has its outer hairs braided into playful pigtales. Then again, he can make a construction out of nothing more than a stick, some cord and a pebble.

Munari also picks up past and contemporary ideas from others. There is some argument about whether he sketched his mobiles before Calder, while his excellent hard-edge paintings with their brilliant compositions seem like a fusion of the works of Theo van Doesburg and Burgoyne Diller. He has taken Japanese origami and turned it into tabletop "travel" sculpture, though the inventive results are more like art toys than anything else. And why not? Munari would ask.

Also on view is a video of Munari's methods of art education for children, unfortunately accompanied in part by earsplitting modern sound effects. I have pointed out before that the technician responsible for the video installations at the museum appears to be quite deaf, but the museum has also turned a deaf ear to pleas for fewer decibels.

IN AN adjoining gallery of the same pavilion are huge and beautiful theatrical posters by Yugoslavia's internationally famous Boris Bucan (b. Zagreb, 1947). While this country used to place a half dozen posters side by side for effect, Bucan (pronounced Butchan) makes up the image in his huge square posters from six horizontal silk-screened sheets. In this set of 13 works for theatres, festivals and exhibitions, he has abandoned an earlier minimalism in favour of a flat but almost textured surface built up of tiny planes and details, with the text concentrated in a border frame. But for a Strindberg play he has drawn a huge head from a myriad lines, almost in the manner of Giacometti, with the text again jammed into the border frame. The design has its drawbacks, for while the marvellous image can be seen from afar, you have to get right up to the poster to read the fine print. Incidentally, at least before entering, it isn't immediately apparent that this fine display is not an extension of the Munari show. (Palevsky Design Pavilion, Israel Museum). □



Munari: book illustration, 1968.

Tel Aviv gets a new gallery

Gil Goldfine

THE RECENTLY inaugurated Genia Schreiber University Art Gallery, situated on the Tel Aviv University campus at the Einstein Blvd. entrance, is a fine example of postmodernist architecture, yet not without specific problems related to its function.

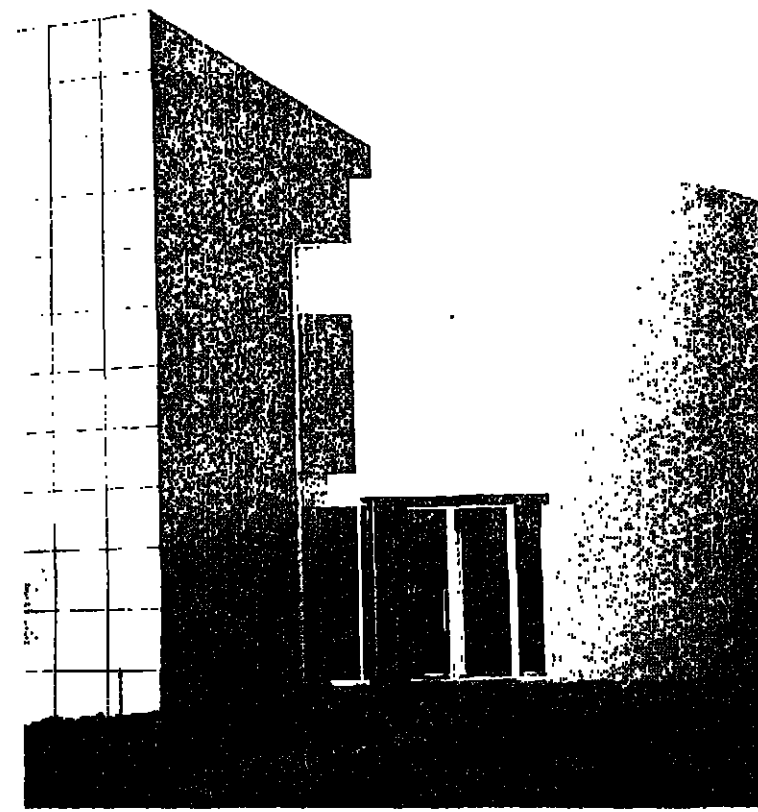
Designed by Bracha and Michael Chyutin, Don Eitan and Eri Goshen, it was based on a programme outlined by Prof. Mordechai Omer (who will serve as the gallery's first curator in addition to his Art History post at the university). The design was meant to provide a research facility where students could encounter original art. Secondly, it needed to house and exhibit the University's permanent collection. A third aim was to create space for changing exhibits based on scholarship. Finally, it was to be an institution for students wishing to specialize in museology.

The Einstein-University Blvd. axis gate, a major student walkway, has traditionally presented an inviting, almost triumphal, entrance environment. Public access from street level to the University's central grassy western slope, via a slowly paced ramped staircase, provided direct visual contact with the periphery of low, fortress-like, faculty buildings and the network of additional paths leading to smaller piazzas and adjacent structures.

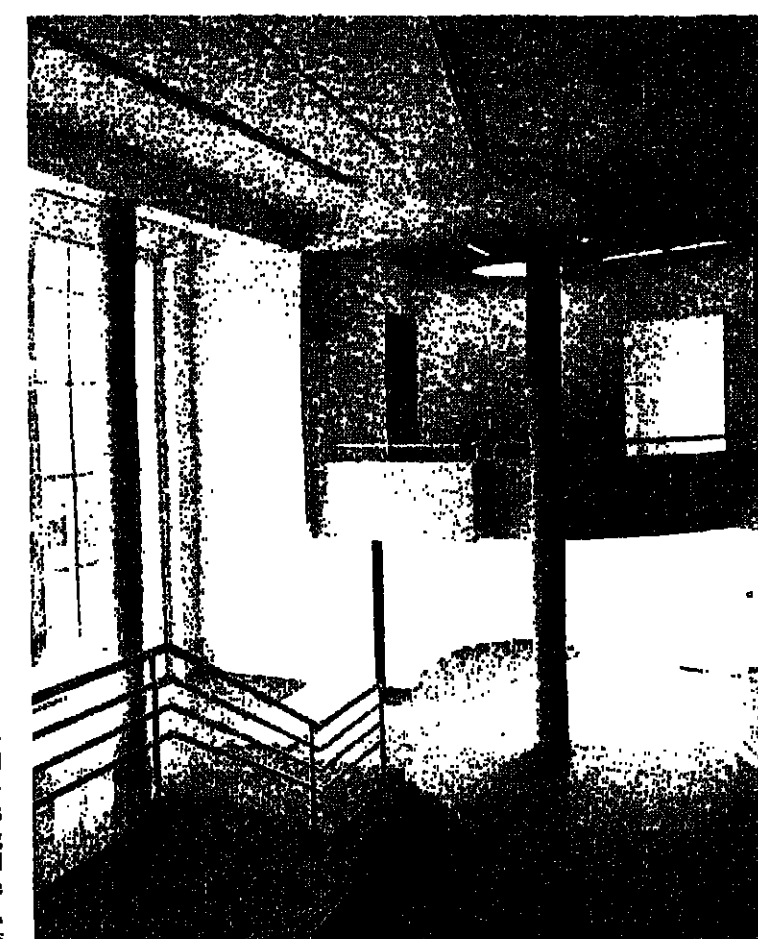
This inviting environment has been encroached upon by the new Gallery, whose site plan and elevations, although intended to sit within the slopes of a formal, terraced sculpture garden, rises above acceptable proportions and diminishes the latitude of open space. Standing as an isolated structure, removed physically and aesthetically from the surrounding University character, the Schreiber Gallery threatens more than it invites, blocks more than it expands upon. It is an extremely elegant building in the wrong place.

The basic interior-exterior design concept, covering approximately 1,000 sq. metres, 600 of them devoted to exhibition space, is determined by two interlocking geometric forms, one rectangular and one oval, the former housing an enclosed second floor display area and the latter an expansive, somewhat pompously proportioned main exhibition hall. Polished, warm-grey stone flooring and cool-grey structural columns line a main staircase placed alongside floor to ceiling mullioned windows that soothe the exaggerated void and harsh lighting in the same manner that pink surfacing of the rounded exterior facade mollifies the density of the solid box service building covered with 90x90 cm off-white marble tiles.

An inviting entrance, cut into the pink arc, provides immediate access, via a small vestibule and a few stairs, to the main exhibition hall. Enclosed by two high walls, an undulating rear wall and the windowed facade, this hall is overly spacious for the showing of average-sized



Two views of the Genia Schreiber University Art Gallery.



Boris Schatz: Tisha B'Av at the Western Wall, copper relief, at the Schreiber Gallery inaugural exhibition.

photos by Avraham Hay, courtesy Tel Aviv University.

works and, considering its function, limited in total exhibition capacity. The architectural plan for creating a soft, free and dynamic space has been overpowered by the room's proportions. Examining the ac-

ademic and cultural needs of the institution, one realizes that the hall is inconsistent in its attitude to the intimacy and personal contact one would expect to encounter in a moderately-sized university museum.

Climbing the staircase, broken in rhythmic cadence into three levels, the visitor reaches a secondary, glass-walled foyer tangent to the highest terrace. Entering a long L-shaped basilica gallery, this time scaled to match scholarly human proportions and a refreshing contrast to the extravagant main hall, the guest is led back and down, in circular fashion, to the entrance vestibule. In terms of accessibility and traffic flow the building works well.

In an interesting article entitled "The Gallery as Architectural Exhibit: Several Illuminations" (published as part of the inaugural ceremonies), Dr. Michael Chyutin examines public architecture and its historical design codes from Akhenaton's Egypt to Danziger's Haifa, in order to clarify the dynamics of postmodernist design theories, while considering their applications and ramifications in the Schreiber Gallery. Enlightening as all that may be, a building functions on a human level and not as a work of industrial or historical sculpture or as a theoretical lesson. The Schreiber Gallery does project the linear grace and style of subdued, understated postmodernism, but at the same time it is not altogether conducive to the viewing of art.

TO MARK the opening of the Schreiber Gallery, curator Omer has produced a survey exhibit entitled "Upon One of the Mountains: Jerusalem in Israeli Art." Spanning a period from the late 19th century to works created recently, the gallery walls are packed solid, often unnecessarily. Many artists, like Lilién, are represented by several pieces, while others, especially devotees to the Jerusalem ethos (Schwebel and Pamela Levy), are omitted.

It is difficult to ascertain the purpose of this exhibit. As a scholarly overview of a didactic nature, it achieves its objective. If, however, Omer has tried to indicate Jerusalem's mythic or mystical effect on various expressive possibilities, the exhibit falls short of making its point. Generally the works have been grouped in unimaginative, chronological sub-classifications, often forced to conform to specific painterly attitudes to which they only superficially belong.

On the other hand, if the exhibit has been mounted as an exercise in comparative art for scholastic purposes, reviewing the works of artists within a given generation, then not enough energy has been expended to offer the student of art history ample material to digest and dissect. What we are left with is a merely adequate cross-section of paintings, drawings and prints by artists who, at one time or another, were involved with "reacting" to Jerusalem - from Schatz's copper reliefs to Cohen-Ozan's gigantic, multi-panelled mixed-media conceptual painting.

Omer's hanging points up inherent problems of space. Horizontal canvases by Ardon and Gross have lost their impact because of their environment in the main hall. The limitations demonstrated in the large hall are in contrast with the overkill in the smaller galleries. Then again, special works are easily passed by, lost in the visual din of several score pictures. (Genia Schreiber Gallery, Tel Aviv University Campus, Ramat Aviv.) □

Round the Jerusalem galleries

Meir Ronnen

WHAT POSSESSED Moshe Gershuni to try and transfer the symbols and mood of his highly personal and moving paintings and prints to the world of pottery and white porcelain plates? The results are quite clumsily dreadful. It appears that Gershuni has spent the last year working with teachers and students at the Bezalel Academy's department of ceramics. Gershuni's lapse of taste aside (somewhat akin to rendering the Holocaust in icing sugar) the display may give the students some misleading ideas. In a press release, written by the academy's PR consultants, department chief Lydia Zavadsky points up connections or connotations of Near Eastern pottery with its references to religion (Islam) and use of calligraphy, as well as German porcelain and Judaica. Looking at these sad efforts, one can only say that she has to be kidding. (Bezalel Ceramics Department Foyer, 54 Yirmeyahu, Jerusalem). Till Jan. 5.

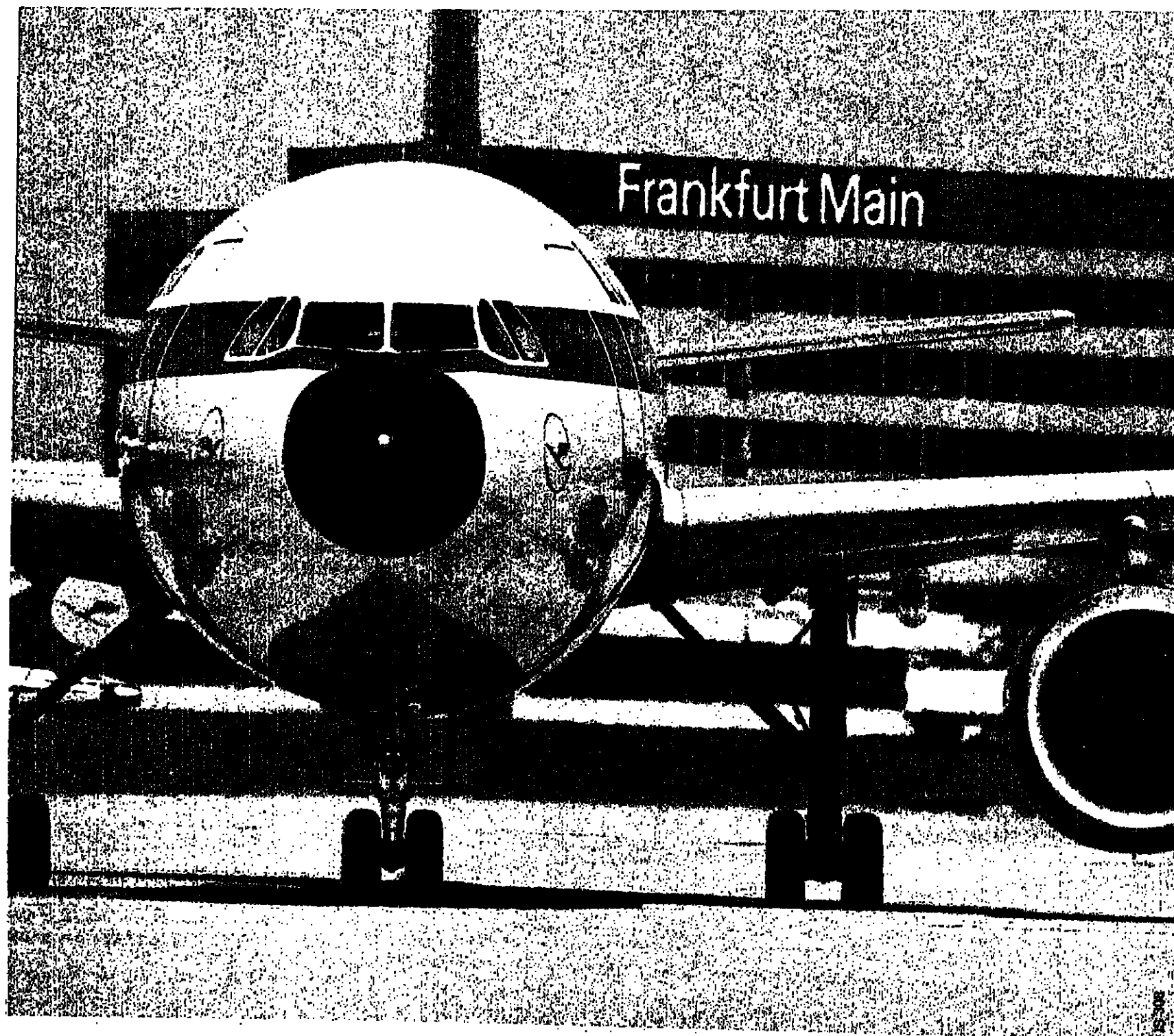
IN ANOTHER, nearby, Bezalel department, Michael Kovner (b. Israel, 1948), a sometime student of America's Philip Guston and Jack Tworok, who has made a reputation here as a figurative painter with an individual approach, shows three views of the Jerusalem landscape looking down the Hinnom valley towards Silwan. These quite large pastoral scenes give no clue to the drama currently being played out in the houses on the hillside. Wisely eschewing both idealising and the use of realist local colour, Kovner relies on strong tonal contrasts to achieve a sense of depth, chiefly by highlighting the middle distance and keeping foreground trees in deep but richly colourful shadow, formalised and as flat as cutouts. The handling, however, often verges on the clumsy. One has in mind Bomberg's eminently felicitous oils of the same view, painted in the Twenties with so much more finesse.

Kovner's mini-exhibit is not without political connotations, but they are essentially confined to its title, "Border Landscapes". The middle-distance here was the 1967 border. Draw your own conclusions.

This exhibit was closed for a while this week because the caretaker decided to paint the floor. Perhaps he had noticed that visitors to this venue are few and far between (Bezalel Fine Arts Department Gallery, 68 Yirmeyahu, Jerusalem). Till Dec. 30.

HAYA ESTER (b. Jerusalem, 1941), an educator and author turned artist, shows spirited gestural abstract drawings and a few gouaches, the former mostly in monochrome and over-redolent of a school of abstract expressionism that runs from Harung to Aviva Uri. Ester employs various combinations of charcoal, black oil pastel and graphite. The drawings achieve some rich blacks and an occasional sense of presence, but the use of colour only points up her limitations. (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem). Till Jan. 7. □

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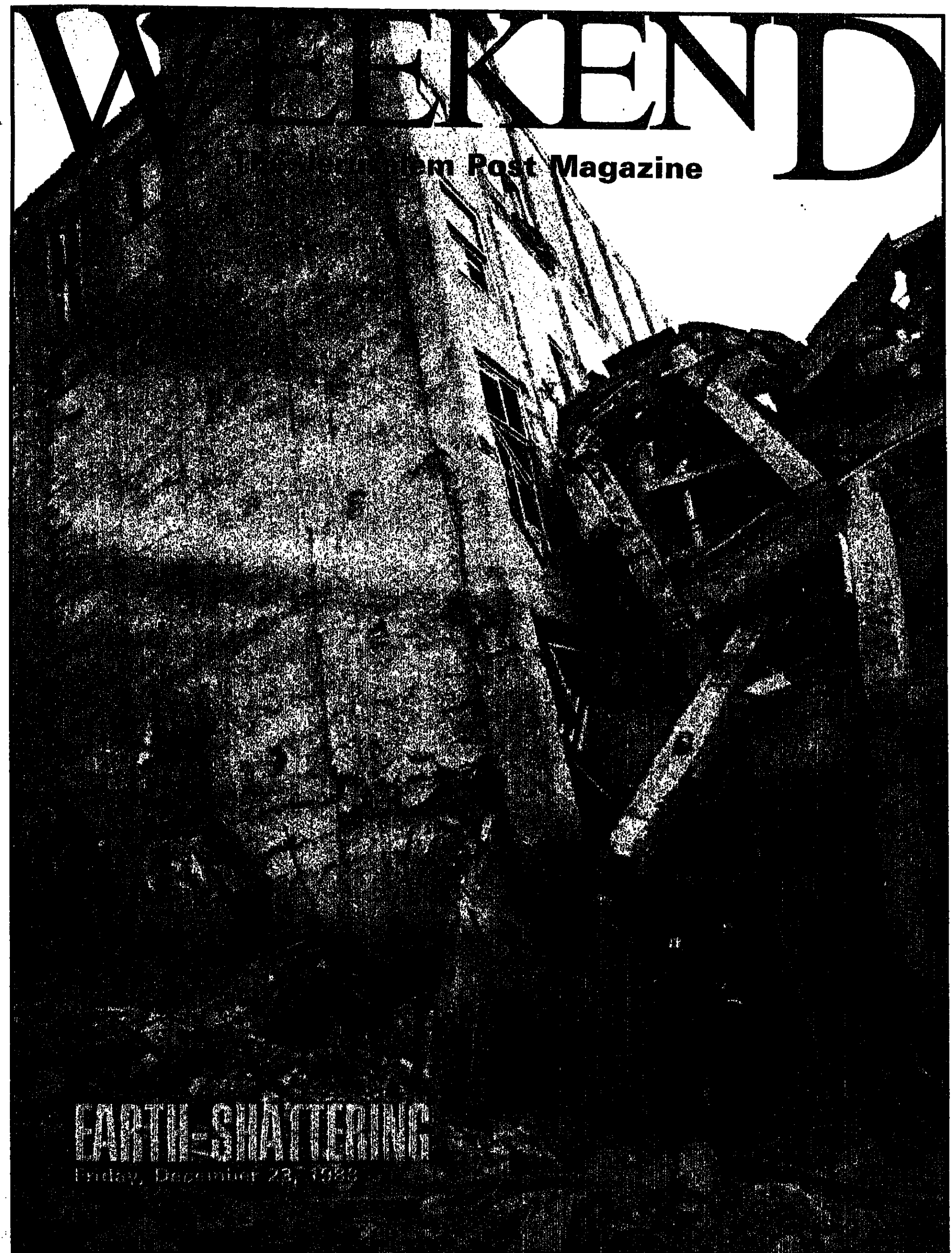
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EARTH-SHATTERING

Friday, December 23, 1983

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Piles of coffins bear grim witness to the Armenian disaster, see page 8.

On the cover - The shattered ground, by photo-journalist Wojtek Laski (Sipal/Media)

The Jerusalem Post
Weekend Magazine
Editor: Joanna Yehiel
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The Jerusalem Post 1988
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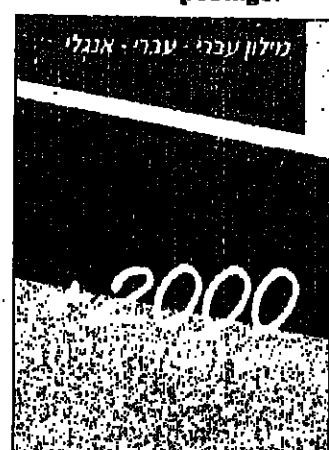
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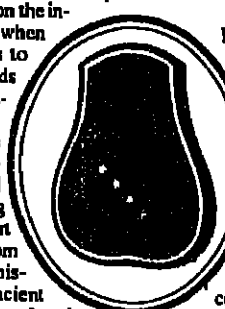
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SOUTH AFRICA'S Chief Rabbi Cyril K. Harris arrived here from London less than a year ago. He speaks with a real Scots accent, having been born in Glasgow. Since accepting his new assignment, the Orthodox leader has become known as "the wandering rabbi" because of his regular travels around the country visiting Jewish communities, large and small. He has been very warmly received, and with good reason. He makes a wonderful impression. But he is still an outsider, and therefore speaks very candidly.

"It's a very close-knit community and exceptionally cohesive," says Harris, citing two reasons. "Firstly, it's almost inbred. The vast majority came here from Lithuania," and the Litvaks are very proud of their background. They are also proud of being Jewish.

The second reason stems from the very nature of South Africa. "This is a very ethnic, group-oriented country," the chief rabbi goes on, explaining, "It's ethnically definitive, more so than even the state. To be a South African is purely a geographical pinpointing. It's not an identity. If you say 'South African,' you have to ask 'South African what?' Are you an Afrikaner, Zulu, or what? The ethnic group-mix is very important here."

These outside pressures have kept the Jewish community very much together over the past 70 or 80 years, he adds. "From the point of view of intermarriage, that probably is no bad thing." He points out that there is very little intermarriage in South Africa, estimated at only about 10 per cent, compared to about 40 per cent or even higher in America.

BUT HOW SHOULD the Jewish community deal with the problems stemming from apartheid, I asked Harris? We sat in his study, whose walls were lined with a wide variety of books.

"I think, primarily, I have to ask the Jewish community to evince the highest standards of Jewish principles when they're dealing with other sectors of the population," he replied, and it is especially necessary in connection with the personal, one-on-one relationships between Jews and blacks.

"This means the Jewish businessman has to treat his non-white employees at a higher level than the market rate," he explained. "A Jewish housewife has to treat her black servants as human beings. I would like the Jewish community to get into a position where it is known for the excellent manner in which it deals with all sectors of the population. I don't think we're there yet."

Like almost everyone else I met both in and out of the Jewish community, even including many white and black anti-apartheid activists, Harris insisted that foreign economic sanctions imposed against South Africa were counterproductive: The sanctions were actually hurting the blacks much more than the whites.

In fact, he asserted, they were "a colossal blunder. We need the exact opposite. We need to build up a black middle class...They're hitting the black man, in the sense of unemployment, far far more than they're hitting the white man. The white man has got reserves of economic strength which are unfortunately denied to the black man."

HIS POINT IS echoed by many others in the Jewish community including Anton Harber, the 30-year-old fighting editor of the *Weekly Mail*, a left-wing

CAUGHT BETWEEN WHITE & BLACK



The Jewish community of South Africa today is divided: Most still side with the liberal and progressive parties, but larger numbers are openly aligning themselves with the ruling National Party. In the most recent elections, at least half of the Jews voted for the government — they are looking for security, especially the elderly. There is a horror of the fascist element, the right-wing Conservative Party.

"alternative" newspaper that was banned by the government for the month of November, presumably because of its tough coverage of apartheid. He is outspoken in his condemnation of the status quo in South Africa. In fact *Business Day*, a Johannesburg daily newspaper, reported on Nov. 8, during my stay in South Africa, that Home Affairs Minister Stoffel Botha threatened to sue Harber for statements he made about Botha earlier in the month. Harber's credentials in the struggle against apartheid are very solid.

But like many liberals, he opposed across-the-board economic sanctions imposed by foreign countries. He rejected the notion often heard in the United States and elsewhere in the West that "if you oppose apartheid, you favour sanctions." That is too simplistic, he said. On this issue, he clearly

disagrees with the public position of Desmond Tutu, the Anglican Archbishop of South Africa, who does favour such sanctions.

We discussed the sensitive issue over a lengthy breakfast. "I favour selected, targeted, specific sanctions," Harber said calling for "maximum pressure on the South African government with the least loss of jobs." He said the United States and other Western countries should retain a presence in South Africa "to support the progressive forces."

The U.S., he added, should use "all the pressure available to try to facilitate change" in South Africa; the government in Pretoria should be "isolated and pressurized as much as possible." But he added that the impact of across-the-board disinvestment by American companies and other economic

sanctions was too painful for blacks, who become the first fired when American firms pack their bags and leave.

"The question is what kind of sanctions there should be," he said, "and what will be their effect."

As a Jew, he was especially disappointed by what he said was a turn to the right in the Jewish community. He praised individual Jews involved in the struggle including Member of Parliament Helen Suzman. But he insisted that the Jewish Board of Deputies, the main spokesman of South African Jewry, was "not constructive — a bit of a disgrace to the Jewish community." Its record in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s, he asserted, was dismal. "I don't recognize it as my voice."

Instead, he was a member of Jews for Social Justice, a Johannesburg-based group of Jewish activists fighting for change in South Africa. Its Cape Town counterpart is simply called Jews for Justice, headed by Dennis Davis, a young law professor at the University of Cape Town.

Why has he remained in South Africa? "I feel attached and involved. It may be old-fashioned Jewish guilt. Being white, one has a specific responsibility. We should use it to change the society," Harber said he had "a vague hope that I will live in a majority society, a unitary state, one of these days."

GERALD LEISSNER is the national chairman of the Board of Deputies. Aleck Goldberg is its executive director. We met at Leissner's office in the impressive Anglo-American building in downtown Johannesburg where he works as a top executive.

An articulate and sensitive speaker, Leissner defended the organized Jewish community's record in fighting apartheid. He acknowledged that the community, "as represented by the Board, might not have specifically used the word 'apartheid' [in early years] but I think, going back to the '60s, the Board has made clear and unequivocal statements which have indicated that it's been to the left of the government, in terms of its anti-racist views."

Leissner also pointed out that whatever direction the Board does take, "part of our community does not agree; the Board is a representative, umbrella body, for good or for bad. We think it's good...We try to lead, but we also try to reflect the views of the community."

He insisted that the Board "has tried to move the community in a direction which has been anti-apartheid, anti-racist, non-discriminatory. We really have tried that. But maybe our reticence, and the way in which we behave in South Africa, is because we try to reflect the community." That is why, he adds, there are some Jews who maintain that the Board has not said enough while others say "it said too much."

Leissner said that some Jews, "especially those living in the outlying areas," were very upset when the Board recently issued a statement against pending Group Areas legislation, which would further restrict residence according to race. "They felt threatened," he said, explaining the concern of those Jews. "I think you've always got to be careful, being an umbrella body, about the type of statements you make."

GOLDBERG, FOR HIS PART, insisted that the Board has indeed been passing resolutions at congress after congress, ever since the 1960s, condemning racial discrimination, while not necessarily using the word

"apartheid." Thus, he said, it is not true to say that the Jewish community has been silent. "We are on record even though we haven't shouted from the rooftops." In more recent years, he added, the Board has become "more forthright."

Goldberg and Leissner both rejected the criticisms leveled by Harber. "He simply doesn't know what we've said; the record is there. We've always had a very great sensitivity toward the fact that racial discrimination is wrong, and that we as Jews cannot accept it, and we condemn it," Goldberg said.

Leissner added that Jewish influence in South Africa was minimal. Jews, he said, represent less than three per cent of the white population in South Africa, and three-tenths of one per cent of the total community. "At the end of the day, the political direction of the country is going to be decided between the blacks and the Afrikaners, if we really want to be practical about life."

"There's no Jewish vote," he continued. "There aren't areas of concentration which create a lobby or a pressure area that we can use politically." Still, he said, Jews remain strongly aligned with the more liberal political parties, as was underlined during the recent Johannesburg municipal elections.

Leissner agreed that Jews in South Africa did have economic clout. But he expressed doubt that this could be directly translated into political power. "If you look to see what notice the politicians have taken of economic power, you'll see that economic power has no influence. You're dealing with a society that is not worried about those issues. The issue that the politicians are worried about is race."

ISSY PINSHAW, an amiable and well-dressed Johannesburg businessman, is one of two Jewish members of the 60-member President's Council in Parliament. (The other Jew is Sidney Spilkin of Port Elizabeth.) A strong supporter of State President P.W. Botha, Pinshaw has been active in National Party politics for six years. In 1984, he was asked to join the President's Council, which today consists of 41 white, 13 coloured, six Indian members, and no blacks.

In an interview, he said the National Party was trying to find a way to bring blacks into the political system. "This will take place eventually," he said as we sat in Parliament in Johannesburg. "The vast majority of whites and the vast majority of blacks are looking for a solution."

"We're moving in the right direction," he continued, "away from the many injustices of the past...There is a greater acceptance in South Africa of an open society. 'As a Jew,' he continued, 'I cannot be a party to the perpetuation of apartheid, not to any further injustices.'"

In noting the reforms of recent years, Pinshaw cited the end of "petty apartheid" in Johannesburg and other large cities, including the removal of "whites only" signs in banks, hotels, restaurants and other public buildings. "We still have a way to go and more of the injustices of the past must be removed," he added, specifically calling for an integrated bus system in Johannesburg.

Jews in South Africa, he said, were especially concerned about potential instability in the country. In particular, he added, the Jews were worried about the growth of the right-wing Conservative Party, and its even more right-wing offshoots, the Afrikaner Resistance



Chief Rabbi Cyril Harris



Gerald Leissner



Kaplan Centre's Sally Frankental.

Movement (known by its Afrikaner acronym, AWP) and the banned White Liberation Movement (BBW). "Both are openly anti-Semitic, neo-Nazi movements," Pinshaw said.

With understandable pride, he pointed to a detailed statement made by President Botha in August 1987 denouncing these anti-Semitic groups.

According to Pinshaw, the National Party is today widely seen as "the centrist party," there is growing support in the Jewish community for it, he said.

"South African Jews have an important contribution to make in South African politics," he said, citing the Jews' "inherent sense of equity and justice. I believe I can make a better contribution to the affairs of South Africa on the inside of the decision-making process, rather than outside."

CHIEF RABBI HARRIS, while denouncing apartheid, also condemned those who would advocate violence as a way to promote change. "Violence is not the answer...The answer, which is hitting everybody in the face, is that the silent majority has to become a vociferous majority. I firmly believe that in each group, including the Afrikaners, a majority wants a peaceful negotiated settlement."

The majority of whites, he said, would like to bring blacks into the political system even if they are still uncertain about the best way. "In that process, I would like Jewish people to be very much in evidence. The Jewish community as such has never taken a lead in these things. There have been some noble individuals who have fought for civil rights and for the disenfranchised. The Jewish community as such has not done that."

State President Botha, he said, does want to dismantle apartheid. "But he thinks it's a long and slow process," Harris continued. "I am sure it can be done faster. And perhaps the key is not solely political; it may be economic."

Thus he noted that "even if we stop apartheid tomorrow (please God!) we will still have the most colossal economic and social problems" that will have to be resolved.

Should the rabbis be in the forefront in this struggle? "Yes," he replied emphatically. But they should play a "moral" role, not a political one. "While it's perfectly kosher for a rabbi to speak to his congregation and instruct them on a political issue," he explained, "it is not correct to tell them which political parties to support or which candidates to endorse."

"Insofar as the situation in this country is immoral," he added, "the answer is yes, the rabbi should be seen in the fore." Until now, he said candidly, "that hasn't been the case — with some honourable exceptions. There are very many rabbis who feel

that there are enough problems in teaching the Jewish community to be more Jewish and in safeguarding the Jewish position. There are some who would even say it is dangerous to speak out, to rock the boat."

The Jewish community today is divided: "Most still appear to side with the left-wing liberal and progressive parties, but larger numbers are openly aligning themselves with the ruling National Party, which has been in power since 1948." Only a very tiny number would support the white supremacist Conservative Party and they would be found only in the rural areas, not in the cities.

Harris said that the most recent elections showed that at least half of the Jews voted for the government — they are looking for security, especially the elderly. There is a horror of the fascist element, the right wing Conservative Party. "At the same time, he added, there has been "a fragmentation of the liberal Left. There is a fear of a liberal Left vote being wasted."

THE GROWTH of an extreme right-wing neo-Nazi element has

'Very few families are actually complete. Youngsters are leaving...We've got a demographic problem because of the missing middle, and we have a graying problem; the aging of the community.'

alarmed Jews throughout the country — "It's Holocaust fears coming back in," the chief rabbi said; "there is a horror of the right-wing developing." Is the Jewish community frightened? "I wouldn't exaggerate," he replied. "I don't think there is a lot of anti-Semitism. It is a fringe element" — but Jews still are concerned.

Leissner and Goldberg of the Board of Deputies acknowledged the concern, but insisted that these anti-Semitic fringe groups were very minor. "I don't think they have much significance," Leissner said. He cited the names of anti-Semitic fringe groups in the United States such as the Ku Klux Klan to put the South African problem into proper perspective. Still, the Board of Deputies was monitoring anti-Semitism on the Right and Left.

Adding to this overall political concern have been the dramatic changes taking place in South African Jewry in recent years. Exact numbers are not available but the best estimates are that between 20,000 and 30,000 Jews have emigrated in recent years. Earlier, the community had been rather settled. Grandparents, parents and

grown children usually lived within a few blocks of each other. But now, families are being divided.

"Very few families are actually complete," Harris said. "Youngsters are leaving...We've got a demographic problem because of the missing middle, and we have a graying problem; the aging of the community."

At the Kaplan Centre for Jewish Studies at the University of Cape Town, Sally Frankental and other scholars are undertaking a major demographic study of the South African Jewish community. Funds for the Centre were donated by Mendel Kaplan, a wealthy South African Jewish leader who also is chairman of the Jewish Agency's Board of Governors.

In expressing their fears, many South African Jews often point to what happened to the Jews of Zimbabwe after the blacks gained power. There was once a thriving and powerful Jewish community of some 7,000 people in what used to be called Rhodesia. Many were successful businessmen and industrialists. Three out of every four doctors were said to have been Jewish, as were at least a third of the lawyers.

Today, there are less than 1,000 Jews left in Zimbabwe and many of them are elderly. The young have left. Overall, of the 350,000 whites who once lived in Rhodesia, only 80,000 remain today — as opposed to eight million blacks. Jews in South Africa are trying to avoid that scenario, but they remain uncertain about the best way of doing so.

Despite his concern, Rabbi Harris remains optimistic about the future. "I wouldn't have come here if I felt there were absolutely no chance of a South African solution. I think there is. It's not a good chance, but there's a chance that the large middle may in fact conquer the extremes, to try to ensure that there's a peaceful resolution in the South African predicament. And if that happens, I think the Jewish community is going to be around here for a long time."

He urged Israelis, American Jews and others to try to better understand the situation in South Africa. "I think there has to be a greater degree of understanding of the problems here," he said.

But, in the end, South African Jews themselves will have to struggle. "I have a feeling that a significant segment of world Jewry will judge South African Jewry not only by its standards of *yiddishkeit*, and not only by its loyalty toward Israel, but also by what South African Jewry manages to achieve in the push towards a free society," Harris said. "I am not at all sure that all South Africans are aware of that. But I do hope to try to encourage South African Jewry to make its mark."

(This is the second of three articles on our Washington correspondent's trip to South Africa.)

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"WHEN THE SOUL is luminous, even bejeweled skies radiate a pleasant light," said Rabbi Avraham Yitzhak Hacohen Kook. This dictum adorns the entrance to the Ulpana Zviyah high school for girls in Shlomi in Western Galilee. ("Zviyah" is the acronym of the name of Kook's son, [Rabbi] Zvi Yehuda Hacohen [Kook], after whom the 10-year-old nationwide network of four such schools is named. The other three are in Jerusalem, Rehovot and Atula.)

Rabbi Yishmael says: "One who learns in order to teach will succeed in both learning and teaching; one who learns in order to do will succeed in learning, teaching and doing." (Pirkei Avot 4:4)

These two sayings sum up the work of three institutions that comprise the Mevasseret Zion Educational Centre (MZEC) just outside Jerusalem, especially its Meretz Rabbinical Teachers Training Institute, known simply as Meretz.

Zviyah and MZEC-Meretz are connected in two main ways. Both were initiated by alumni, and perpetuate the Zionist spirit of the Mercaz Harav Yeshiva in

Moshe Kohn

Jerusalem, which the elder Kook founded and, after his death in 1935, his son headed till he died in 1982.

And Zviyah is one of a growing number of institutions and communities throughout Israel and on every continent except Asia enjoying the services of teams of teachers, rabbis and other communal workers trained, sent into the field and backed by Meretz. That is what "Meretz," which means "energy," stands for: *Morim*=teachers; *Rabbanim*=rabbis; *TZ'vatim*=teams.

In the spirit of Rabbis Kook and Yishmael, Meretz "doesn't regard acquiring Jewish education as an end in itself," says its co-founder, head and one of its teachers, Rabbi Shabtai Zelikovitz. "The cycle is completed only after the person who has received this education passes his learning on to his fellows." And Meretz's aim is "to prepare young men to be professional educators who consider teaching a calling."

MZEC began in 1968 as a boys' boarding yeshiva high school with 38 pupils. Today, it comprises three main institutions and several other operations:

□ Kol Mevasser boarding yeshiva high school for boys, with 150 pupils, 100 of whom come from development towns and some from broken homes. It is named for the halachic magnum opus of the late Rabbi Meshulam Rath of Haifa, a member of the Chief Rabbinate Council and a leading national-religious halachic authority from his arrival in Eretz Yisrael in 1944 until his death in 1963. It has a full academic programme leading to matriculation.

Sixty-five per cent of the graduates do their IDF service in the five-year hesder-yeshiva framework and the remainder go directly into the IDF.

□ Ulpana Leah girls high school, with 105 pupils, about half of Ashkenazi and half of Sephardi and Oriental origin, mostly from poor neighbourhoods in and around Jerusalem. Some are from broken homes; seven are physically handicapped. The school is named for the late Lilian Krupnick of Chicago and Jerusalem, whose husband, Samson, is president of Kol Mevasser.

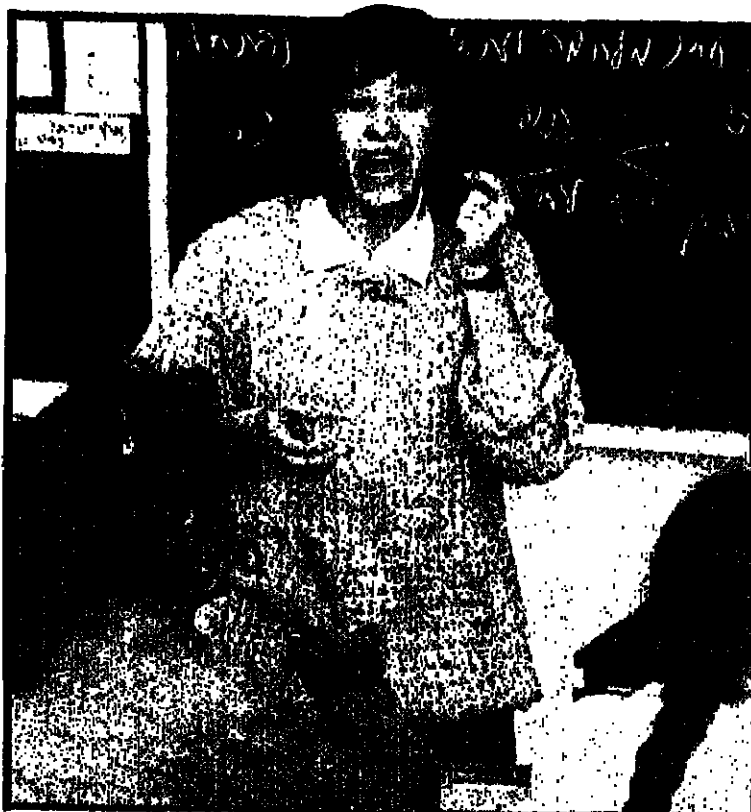


Co-founder of Meretz, Rabbi Shabtai Zelikovitz with pupils. (Below) Teacher at Ulpana Leah.

(Photos by Joel Fishman)

Cycle of energy

In the spirit of rabbis Kook and Yishmael, Meretz 'doesn't regard acquiring Jewish education as an end in itself,' says co-founder, head and teacher Rabbi Shabtai Zelikovitz. 'The cycle is completed only after the person who has received this education passes his learning on to his fellows.'



Starting in 1970 as a vocational school, its day, like that of Kol Mevasser, is divided about equally between religious and general studies, and it has a full matriculation programme, focusing on the arts—fine arts, music, ballet and modern dance. The only "vocational" course offered today is typing. All graduates serve in the IDF or do some other form of national service. Most then go on to university or art school.

Ulpana Leah has won several local and national awards for service to the Mevasseret Yerushalayim community.

□ Meretz, with 80 students—alumni of hesder yeshivot and, like their teachers, in the IDF reserves—training for semicha (rabbinical ordination) by the Chief Rabbinate and for a B.A.-equivalent teacher's diploma from the Education Ministry.

While studying, they serve as "big brothers" to the Kol Mevasser pupils, tutoring, counselling and in general being available to them. (Meretz students and staff and their wives also participate in the general communal life—teaching classes for adults, helping pupils with their studies and participating in civic life.)

On successful completion of their studies, Meretz graduates are expected to serve at least three years as teachers and/or rabbis in outlying communities in Israel or the Diaspora. Of the more than 300 graduates since Meretz's founding in 1974, about 97 per cent have gone on "Meretz missions" and most have remained in the educational field. Of the 50 who went abroad, all have returned after fulfilling their obligation.

About 65 per cent of the alumni and present students are from families of Sephardi or Oriental origin. Meretz graduates include many with at least one university degree; some have advanced degrees in education, the sciences, liberal arts and mathematics.

□ The MZEC also operates three kindergartens in Mevasseret Yerushalayim for the children of staff members and students, but also serving the general community.

□ During the period of the big aliya

from Ethiopia in 1984, MZEC launched a special programme for Ethiopian olim, which recently graduated its third and, for the time being, last class.

Several score Ethiopian olim aged 17-25 who came without families were taught basic Hebrew and arithmetic and mainstream Judaism and, in cooperation with Boys Town Jerusalem, were given vocational training. They lived on the Meretz campus, which continues to provide housing for graduates serving in the IDF who have no other home in Israel. A Meretz counsellor keeps in touch with the graduates.

□ Next autumn, MZEC will launch the Mevasseret Zion Yeshiva for Overseas Students. Twenty candidates have already enrolled for what will be an intensive, university-level, one-year study programme for male graduates of yeshiva high schools in English-speaking countries who intend to enter the field of Jewish education.

MZEC-MERETZ is the "baby" of Zelikovitz, 50, and Rabbis Yosef Sarid and Eliahu Sofer. The three have been together most of the time since they were fellow pupils at the Kfar Harohel Bnei Akiva Yeshiva High School. Together they then joined the founding class of the Kerem b'Yavneh Yeshiva, which in 1957 became the first full-fledged hesder yeshiva.

In 1961, the three comrades began to establish their reputation as national-religious educators at the Kfar Maimon Bnei Akiva yeshiva high school. But Kfar Maimon—a Hapoel Hamizrachi (National Religious Labour movement) moshav—is situated in a kind of hothouse. The three comrades sought a bigger challenge. Zelikovitz recalls:

"We wanted to be where we could fill a gap in the life of the community. We finally chose Mevasseret, which has the added advantage of being close to Jerusalem's cultural institutions, of which our staff and students take advantage."

Mevasseret Yerushalayim, today one of Jerusalem's posh suburbs, was then still a slowly developing village of mainly North African and



Yehuda Lancry.



Rabbi Shlomo Ben-Eliahu.

Yemenite olim; it did not yet even have the absorption centre, and its only school was a state elementary school.

Two small blocks of flats belonging to Amidar were standing empty. The three educational pioneers bought them "at the going Amidar price," and moved in with their families, which then included 16 children. For the first two years, these two blocks also served as a dormitory for some of the pupils and as classrooms.

In an area of the village earmarked for public buildings, Zelikovitz recalls, stood a wooden bungalow "on the verge of collapse. We asked the head of the village council to let us have it. He promised he would, but a few days later, when we wanted to start fixing it up for dormitory use, we found that he had sold it for 200 lirot (then the equivalent of about \$65)."

At this desperate stage, an encounter between Zelikovitz and a contractor acquaintance in Jerusalem and a conversation with a



Ada Gil—a 'Meretz wife' in Shlomi.

young Meretz teacher brought salvation through Bonn Feller, a veteran Jerusalem journalist, and a little later through the late Avraham Ofer, then head of the Histadrut's Shikun Ovdim housing company and later Housing Minister (see box).

ELIEZER GROSS, 22, of Vienna, one of the six unmarried students in Meretz, came to Israel at age 14, alone, to study at the Merom Zion (Boys Town) yeshiva high school in Jerusalem. On graduating, he went to Kerem b'Yavneh for a year, then came back to Israel, where he is in his third year at Meretz.

"I wanted to concentrate on the systematic study of Halacha—the practical application of Jewish law—which most yeshivot neglect," Gross said. "A former buddy at Merom Zion suggested that I try Meretz. When I got here, I walked into the beit midrash [study hall] to look around. A rabbi came up to me and

said, 'Can I help you?' I told him what I wanted. 'Go to Reb D.', he said. I did, and Reb D. greeted me with: 'Shalom aleichem! How are you? How can I help you?' I told him: 'I'm thinking of learning here.' He said: 'So take yourself a Talmud and sit down and start learning!' Which is what I've been doing since."

(Besides Talmud and Halacha, Meretz students also study Jewish thought and "faith," in which the main texts are from the Maimonides, Rabbi Yehuda Halevi (Kuzari), the Maharal of Prague and the Rabbis Kook.)

When he gets his *semicha* and teaching certificate, Gross intends to fulfil his Meretz "mission" by going back to serve the Vienna community as a teacher and spiritual leader for a few years before settling in Israel.

Chaim Block, 27, formerly of Baltimore, married and with one son, has been living in Israel since his family came here when he was nine. He studied at the Bnei Akiva

yeshiva high school in Nehalim, then at Mercaz Harav for a year, and then went to the Ohn Elzion hesder yeshiva.

He says: "What has especially impressed me here is that everybody considers teaching a calling, not just another way of making a living. I also like the follow-up programme for graduates—help in finding a job, advice on problems that arise in the field."

(Alumni in the field, students and staff are also helped with interest-free loans from the Meretz "Avi Fund," in memory of a student, Avraham "Avi" Granwald of Jerusalem, who was killed in the Lebanon War. His family and friends are helping MZEC to realize the "Nahalat Avi Hai" project, an 11-dunum complex containing housing for Meretz students and staff—today many live in homes scattered all over the village—more classrooms, a central library, an auditorium and a sports complex.)

Block's wife, Shifra, teaches at an elementary school of the Noam network founded by Mercaz Harav alumni. They haven't yet decided where they will fulfil their "Meretz mission."

LIKE SHIFRA BLOCK, other Meretz wives, many of whom have degrees or diplomas and experience in various fields, work professionally—but "only to the extent that it doesn't interfere with my task as homemaker," says Ada Gil, 28, a Meretz wife in Shlomi since 1986.

Gil, who grew up in Jerusalem's Kiryat Hayovel neighbourhood in a family that came from Morocco after World War I, has a degree in special education from the Jerusalem College for Women ("Michlala"). In Shlomi, she is a counsellor in the Hebrew University School of Education's Hatat ("The Tots") programme (an acronym for Hadracha b'Tipuah Peotot—Guidance in Tending Infants) and "mother" to the girls doing their National Service in Shlomi. Her husband is Rabbi Lior Gil, 30, a Meretz graduate and "missionary." They have four children.

"This kind of life," Rabbi Gil says, "is not a life in which the husband does his thing and the wife does hers. The wife is an integral part of the undertaking."

Ada Gil, smiling and nodding vigorously, agrees, puts in: "As a matter of fact, in general there's no 'me' in Meretz; it's all 'we.'"

As a Hatat counsellor, she pays a weekly one-hour visit to the homes of problem families with young children to which she has been assigned by the area's Hatat coordinator. She brings games to play with children up to age three, and through these gets the parent(s) involved and talking to her. Her task is to be a role model and to help the coordinator and others involved decide how to proceed. She now visits 20 such families.

Rabbi Gil was born in Moshav Avigdor to a father who came here from Afghanistan and a fifth-generation Israeli mother. His childhood home was not religious, but while attending high school in Be'er Tuvia, he "had thoughts about becoming observant." Eventually, he enrolled in Machon Meir in Jerusalem, a Zionist institution in the Mercaz Harav spirit for men of such background and intention. (It has a sister institution, Machon Ora.) From there he went on to Mercaz Harav and then, having "always seen myself as an educator," to Meretz.

On completing his Meretz programme in 1986, he was offered several jobs. The couple decided on Shlomi after the town rabbi, Shmuel Ben-Eliahu, agreed to Gil's request for a *kollel* ("post-graduate" yeshiva) framework. The *kollel* comprises Gil, three other Meretz men in Shlomi, three from nearby Ma'alot, Ben-Eliahu, and its head, Rabbi Dan Getz, whose wife, Sima, heads Ulpana Zviyah.

The *kollel* holds its study sessions in the local state-religious elementary school, where Gil teaches the Judaica subjects and is *meheneh* (classroom teacher) for the second grade. Every morning, *kollel* members spend an hour studying Talmud and related subjects with the upper grades.

About relations between the Meretz people and the indigenous Shlomi community of some 600 families (3,000 souls), Gil says: "It was hard at first. The people here had been accustomed to thinking and operating in terms of power; spirituality was considered a sign of weakness. And after all these years in the country, their concept of an Orthodox Jew was a distorted, stereotypical one. Now they see that one can be young, active, modern, educated, athletic, do national service, and all the rest, 'though' *dait*. And I think we've forged a lasting link with them."

(Continued on page 11)

NEAR Mevasseret Yerushalayim, on a hill overlooking the Ein Hemed (Aqua Bella) national park, stands a large empty house. It was built early this century by a Jerusalem Christian Arab who was a counsellor at the French consulate-general in Jerusalem.

In the early 1920s, Yitzhak Segal Feller, honorary secretary of the Mizrahi organization of Greater New York, and a group of friends bought the house and some 1,000 dunams of land surrounding it from several Arab owners (half of the land belonged to the Hussein family) for parcelisation and development as a Shabbat-observant suburb of Jerusalem.

Rushing about Jerusalem one day, frantically in search of help in obtaining premises after Mevasseret's mayor reneged on his promise, Rabbi Shabtai Zelikovitz ran into a contractor acquaintance, who mentioned the house and told him it belonged to the family of a young surveyor working for him. The surveyor introduced Zelikovitz to his father, Yitzhak Feller's son, Benn, (who was a *Palestine Post* reporter for some years after settling in this country in 1935, then Jewish Telegraphic Agency correspondent, and still lives in Jerusalem).

"[Benn] Feller made a tough impression on us when we started negotiating with him for the use of the house for a year," Zelikovitz recalls. "He sat there stern-faced, drawing on his pipe from time to time, as we tried to persuade him. At first he asked for 12,000 lirot. He went down to 10,000. When the time came to sign the contract, we saw that it said only 500. No, Feller told us, he hadn't made a mistake; that was the sum he had decided on."

In the end, Feller waived even the 500-lirot rental and let

The right place

them use the building for five years. He has since been an active member of the MZEC-Meretz board, the only institution on whose behalf he is publicly active. Recalling his posture of toughness at the negotiations with Zelikovitz and his partners two decades ago, Feller says he has always been wary about eleemosynary institutions.

"But I was impressed—first by the plans they outlined and the enthusiasm and sincerity with which they did so. Then by the fact that they were—and still are—not connected with any political movement. Then by the way they sometimes worked for months without taking any salary when there wasn't any money to take a salary from, and the fact that to this day they do without such frills as fancy cars and expensive accounts."

And not least, Feller was impressed by Meretz's achievements. "They just simply do really good work. Did you know that the main prize they give to Kol Mevasser graduates is not for scholarship but for comradely behaviour, for *menschlichkeit*? A rabbi from a certain leading hesder yeshiva once told me that his yeshiva is *kodesh*—holy—but Meretz is *kodesh kodashim*—boly of holies."

Incidentally, both Feller and Zelikovitz think their association may have been pre-ordained, and presaged by the fact that Feller's father and some Orthodox friends had also founded in New York a B'nai B'rith lodge named "Mevasseret Yerushalayim."

MZEC-MERETZ also received considerable help from the

late Avraham Ofer, and since then from his family.

At about the time Feller started to help them, one of Meretz's young teachers, Rabbi Meir Heitner, told Zelikovitz of a family connection with Ofer. Heitner is a grandson (through his mother) of the late Rabbi Meshulam Rath; Rath and Ofer were both born in Horoskov, Poland (the former in 1875, the latter in 1922). Rath later served as a rabbi in Horoskov in the period when Ofer was growing up there and was a pupil in Rath's *heder*. Ofer, who said that he had learned his "love of Eretz Yisrael on Rabbi Rath's knees," came each year to the *Yahrzeit* (death anniversary) study-and-prayer assemblies organized in Rath's memory.

Heitner arranged for Zelikovitz to meet Ofer at one of these meetings. As a result, Ofer came to Mevasseret Yerushalayim, and after telling the Heitner family that he had "fallen in love" with the Meretz people and the place, decided to build study and housing facilities for them. He insisted, however, that first they set up a public board to work on their behalf and oversee their operations, saying he would join the board—which he did, afterwards becoming its chairman.

During Hanukka 1972, on Rath's ninth *Yahrzeit*, the cornerstone was laid for Kol Mevasser, the first new structure of today's MZEC-Meretz campus in Mevasseret Yerushalayim. Shortly afterwards, while on a business trip to the U.S., Ofer got the Horoskov *landsmannschaft* there to donate \$30,000 to the project.

Today, Ofer's family and friends are helping MZEC to mobilize the resources to build "Beit Midrash Mas'at Avraham," which will comprise two study-and-prayer halls, an expanded Judaica library and an indoor swimming pool.

Photo-journalist Wojtek Laski (Sipa/Media) reports from the epicentre of the Armenian earthquake

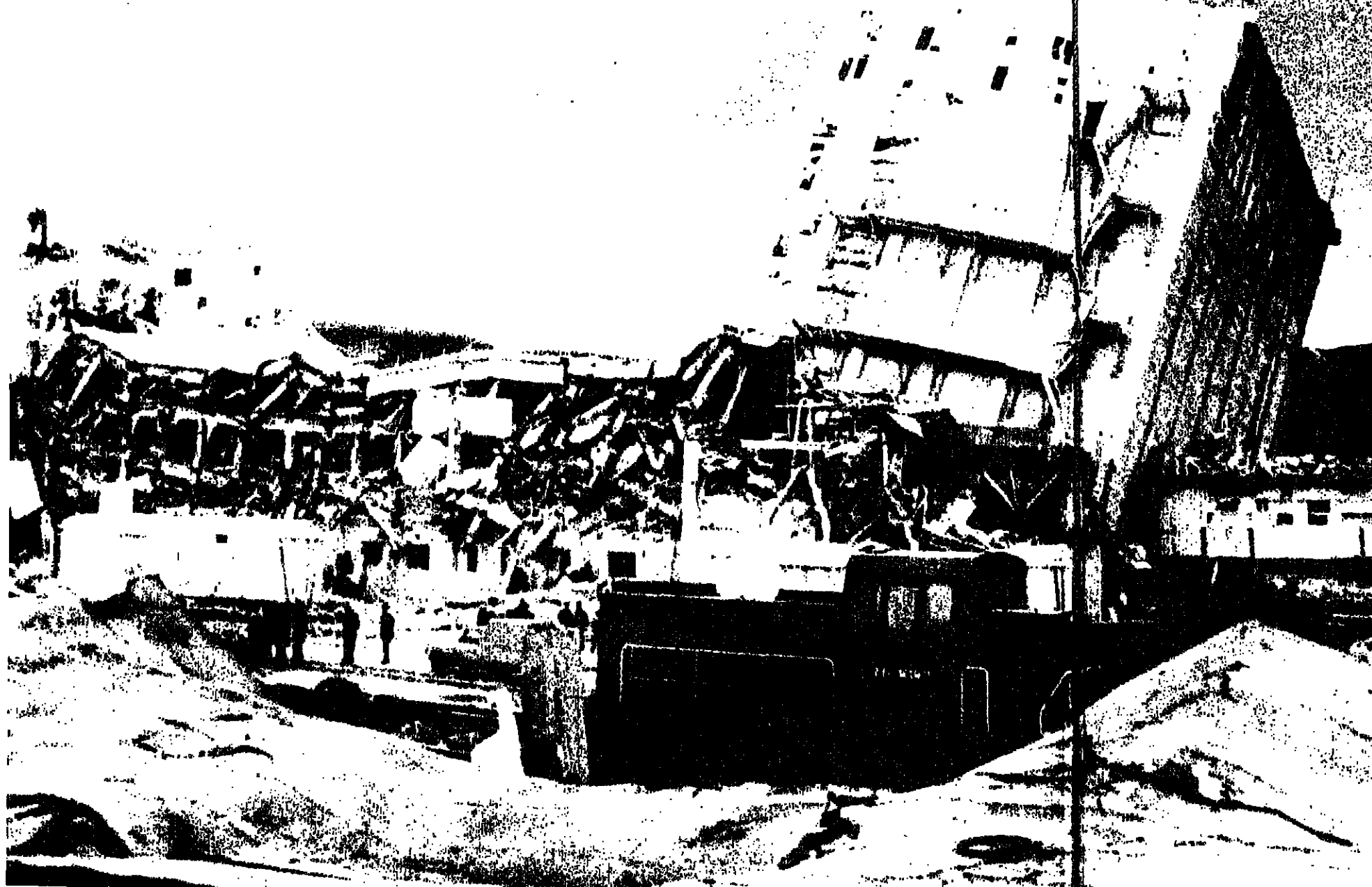
NEARLY two weeks after the earthquake which ravaged Armenia, SSR, on Wednesday, December 7, 1988, the toll, according to conservative official Soviet estimates, is 55,000 dead and scores of thousands injured. According to the worst estimates, the Republic, which counted a population of 3.5 million, lost an estimated 4 per cent of its people (100,000-130,000) in just four terrible minutes.

The tragedy has been aggravated by disorganization. Rescue workers are cruelly short of means despite the arrival of international assistance. Freezing nights with temperatures of -17°C limit the survival chances of those still trapped under the ruins. Two air crashes have accentuated the problems and added a grisly footnote to the main drama: a Yugoslav plane crashed killing seven, and a Soviet plane crashed at Leninakan, killing 78. Ethnic tension is running high with demands for the annexation of Karabagh. Both the Soviet Union and the Western rescue forces that rushed in to help are spiritually as well as physically shaken by the scale of the disaster.

The capital city of Yerevan, with roughly one-third of the tiny republic's population, was not the most severely affected area, but it is reeling under the impact of thousands of homeless survivors. Leninakan, Armenia's second-largest city, with 300,000 inhabitants, was 75 per cent destroyed. Spitak, an Armenian city with 50,000 residents, was literally wiped off the face of the earth.

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, his wife Raisa and Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzkov visited the disaster sites on December 10 and 11. While some survivors blessed them, others were angered by Gorbachev's severe criticism of Armenian "provocateurs."

EARTH-SHATTERING



I WAS COVERING Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to New York when I heard the news. Almost immediately the rumour took wing that the Soviet leader was going to cut short his visit to the United States. Soviet Foreign Affairs Minister Eduard Shvardnadze confirmed this rumour Wednesday night.

Some journalists in the press plane which was following Gorbachev asked Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov whether it was possible to land in Yerevan, the capital of the Armenian Republic. Sceptically, he explained to us that it was probably difficult to land, particularly since no accommodations were guaranteed for journalists. Upon arrival three days later, I realized that Gerasimov had been right...

MOSCOW-YEREVAN
With great difficulty, the Foreign Affairs Minister obtained 17 seats for a pool of photographers on the flight linking Moscow to Yerevan Saturday morning. I didn't have a seat, but with the aid of glasnost I finally managed to travel aboard an airplane carrying Soviet rescue workers.

I was in fact lucky: on the runway of an airport in Georgian SSR, after five hours on stand-by due to fog in Yerevan, I learned that only our airplane - which had priority - had received authorization to proceed to Armenia. Thus began a short but unforgettable voyage for me and a journalist from Agence France-Presse. I had already covered two fatal earthquakes in Italy in the 1970s, but this time what I was going to see was beyond anything I could have imagined.

Taking off from the Georgian airport, site of unusually heavy traffic, we arrived through the fog in Yerevan. Through the clouds, in the obscurity of that Saturday night, luminous "serpents" snaked around the Armenian capital: an uninterrupted convoy of vehicles.

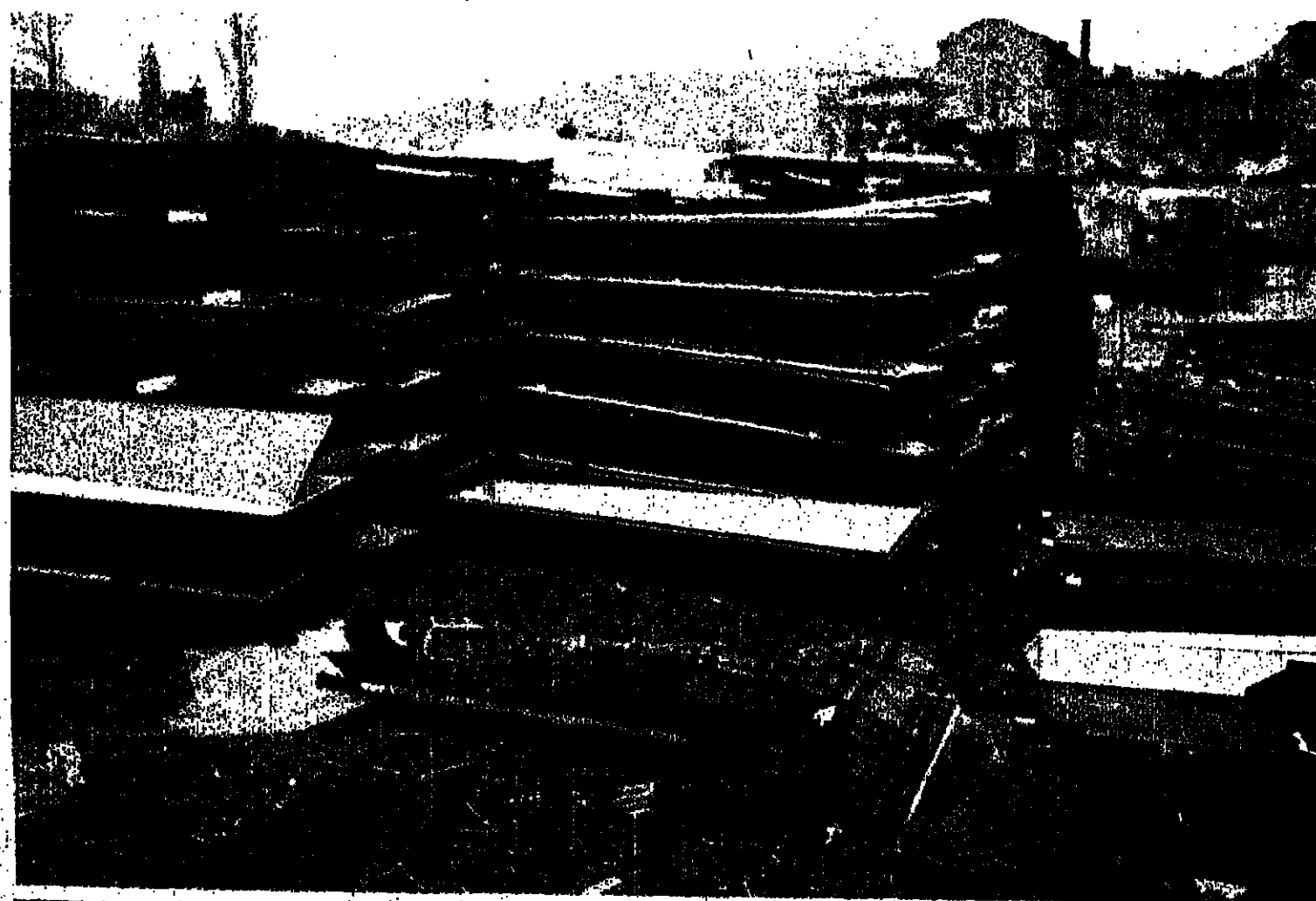
At the airport, the constant landings and departures of military and civilian planes and helicopters only served to confirm my initial impressions of the catastrophe. Two French military planes marked time there. Mexican rescuers were in the midst of loading their rescue equipment. I was to travel with the specialists under the direction of Commanders Martin and Eggermont. Because it was nighttime, the helicopter promised us was unable to take off. As the rescue equipment travelled by bus, we boarded a passenger plane for Leninakan, the republic's second largest city, 45 kilometres away.

LENINAKAN
Saturday evening, December 10, 1988: an ambience worthy of M*A*S*H reigns at the Leninakan airport, with a ceaseless flow of ambulances, airplanes. We waited for more than half an hour before receiving authorization to land. A day later an Ilyushin 76 was less fortunate: it crashed on the runway and the 78 people on board were killed.

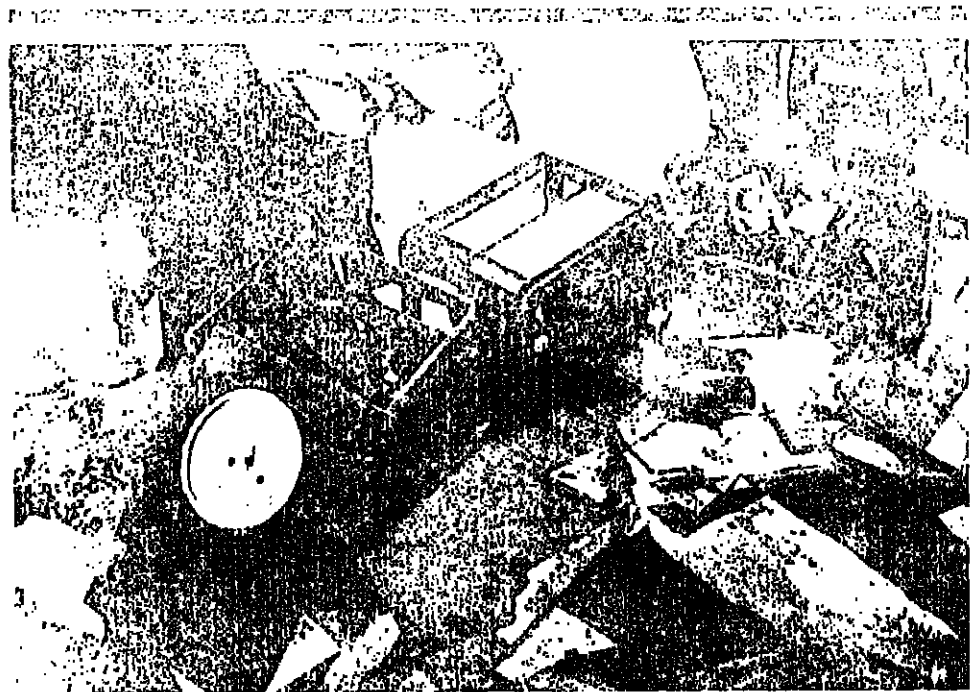
The French rescue workers with whom I was travelling had trouble communicating with the Soviets, a language barrier which I tried to help them surmount by serving as translator. I encountered the same problem the following day with another major one added to it. Military personnel worked side by side with civilians, and it is the first major opening-up to Western help that by-passed the usually strict customs procedures, yet everyone continued to seek a single, ultimate decision-maker, victims of a bureaucratic reflex. Therefore, it was several hours before we finally learned the name of our destination: Spitak.

Spitak, 45 kilometres from Leninakan, was the population centre nearest the epicentre and was ravaged by a quake which rumour says reached a force of 10 on the Richter scale. We travelled there by truck, three hours on a

(Continued on page 10)



(Clockwise from above left) In Spitak, the epicentre of the earthquake, buildings crumbled onto train tracks; Secretary-General Mikhail Gorbachev arriving to survey the damage; rescue worker unearthing a corpse trapped underneath a building; workers taking a break huddle around a fire; another casualty laid out next to a mountain of coffins and stretchers.



(This page) A clock stopped in Spitzak at the moment the earthquake began (above), and other scenes of the aftermath of the disaster.

(Continued from page 9)

road plunged in darkness, rattling around due to countless potholes. The traffic was as bad as the summer vacation exodus in August. Three hours later, exhausted, soaking wet, we entered, unhindered, the working site of French rescue workers.

THE SILO OF SPITAK

Before, there had been a huge flour mill in Spitzak, one of the largest industries in this city whose population was 50,000. That day, in darkness, it was an entanglement of concrete blocks which we faced. Wednesday, December 7, 1988, at 11:45 a.m. local time, 50 workers were sewing bags in this building. The silo's director was meeting with some 15 people at that moment. They, and the uncounted others who were present at the mill at lunchtime that day, now lie under this immense concrete tomb. We are surprised to find nobody there: no preliminary emergency structure had been set up, neither lights nor water were available.

Sunday, 5.00 a.m., December 11, 1988: Rescue teams set up for work, after a short rest, punctuated by brief seismic tremors (three) and in biting cold. Rapidly patrolling the area, the French encountered the first sign of life. There, under a mass of concrete, someone made a scratching sound. We heard the sound of a radio, as if to confirm this call for help. I wondered how Soviet batteries managed to last four days.

On the other side of the building, Frenchmen accompanied by Soviets discovered another weak sign of life in a flour silo, buried under tons of a basic food substance, perhaps the only thing not lacking here. Soviet aid immediately rushed food to the survivors of Spitzak, a white shroud in a town grey with the dust of ruins.

Yet it was impossible to do anything. Not only did the Soviets fail to find someone to order the removal of the flour, they had no

vacuum machine. The rescue workers began their attack on the mounds of flour with shovels and a power shovel. It was a rudimentary solution, as rustic as the communications system.

At the outset it was said that the Soviets didn't want Western journalists to have access to the disaster site. In fact, it was the difficulty of getting there that gave this impression. Here, we were lodged with the few Soviet journalists present in a shelter which, lacking electricity, remained dark at night.

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV

"Listen, it has been four days now. And as the specialists say, people can survive another three days. So let's try to do the maximum," Mikhail Gorbachev said.

When I learned that he was in the centre of the town I rushed to what was left of it, leaving behind the surrealistic silo, the enormous collapsed building, to inch along by car through appalling chaos: houses split in half, collapsed roofs covering what was left of buildings, people looking through the ruins, and dust everywhere.

Strangely enough, the official rescue efforts concentrated on the large buildings: the post office, the hospital which had collapsed onto a school. On the mounds of individual houses, survivors sift through the rubble. The impression is of the end of the world, reinforced by piles of hastily-built wooden coffins which are stacked by hundreds onto trucks.

It is the end of everything, an ambience of twilight, lit only by the smiles of those who learn that you're French. When he first arrived at the disaster site, Prime Minister Nikolai Ryjkov spoke of the arrival of French rescue workers. The Germans are also there, yet it is the hands of Frenchmen that - I don't know why - a weeping old woman kisses.

I prefer her tears to the faces closed by pain of those who gather around the secretary-general of the Soviet Union's Communist Par-



ty. Emotion runs high, and it is now that this man, whom I've seen so many times before, reveals that he has the stuff of which leaders are made. He doesn't ask questions: he gives orders, for more power sources, for more of everything that is needed.

He is a leader, dignified, not condescending. Beside him, his wife Raisa listens, preoccupied. In front of the hospital, a few hundred metres away from the secretary-general, the rescue workers busy in the ruins were required to don white gloves, a "banana republic" type of protocol rule which, had he seen it, I'm sure the secretary-general would not have appreciated.

"Bless you, bless you," an old woman said, making the sign of the Orthodox cross to the secretary-general. As the bus carrying Gorbachev continued on its way, the leader's face contorted with emotion.

"We will keep quiet," a resident explained. "For the moment we can't make demands concerning Nagorno-Karabagh. The times are too serious. But it's a shame there aren't more Gorbachevs."

THE MORQUE

As obscene as it may sound, for a photographer there are too many things to film in this ruined city. Everything strikes you: the piles of coffins, the stadium with its emergency hospital centre and its morgue.

Under a tent, an exhausted militiaman photographs the numbered bodies that go by before being placed in a bier and stacked into enormous common graves dug with the mechanical shovel. The militiaman is haggard, his flashlight is nearly worn out. How many bodies has he seen go past? He has had to record on film countless faces of people with crushed and mangled bodies, innumerable disfigured cadavers, because it is not certain that their families will ever get there to identify them. Spitzak has numerous orphans, hundreds of decimated families. Spitzak is a ghost

town.

An ambulance took me back to Yerevan, a crazy voyage snaking along the traffic of rescue workers and cars which have run out of gas and are being pushed by families. One of the two wounded people in the ambulance tells me his story.

He was in exile from Azerbaijan, "where those sheep-eaters (the Azeris) cut the breasts off women, burned children, threw people out of windows," he said. He arrived in Spitzak with 12 family members: now he is the only survivor.

"I've lost my life twice," he said. "We are like the Jews, victims of Fate. I don't bear a grudge against Gorbachev, but against the Azerbaijanis. It's their fault that we are here."

The route leading to the Armenian capital is lined with half-destroyed houses. The damage is less when we arrive in Yerevan, but the military is out in larger numbers. During the day there had been violently-suppressed nationalist demonstrations, and that evening, as nightfall approached, men in bullet-proof vests blocked the strategic sections of the city.

At the airport, there was still the incessant movement of airplanes. Departure? The flight from Moscow is late. There is a French Air Inter plane, a sight which would have been incongruous only four days ago. Chartered by Aviations Sans Frontière, it had just unloaded its rescue equipment and was preparing to head back for Paris's Orly Airport. With the help of the Airbus commander, I was allowed to leave with the crew.

There has been a veritable revolution in this disaster's wake; a tectonic revolution serving diplomacy and openness, a dramatic glasnost, costing as many as 130,000 deaths. Help is still needed. The Armenians need plastic to protect them from the cold, equipment to clear the rubble, radios, walkie-talkies, liquids to fight conjunctivitis due to the dust. This catastrophe is one of the worst of this century. Don't forget it. I can't ever forget it. □



Rabbi Malkiel Aviad in the classroom.

(Photos: J. Fishman)

Cycle of energy

(Continued from page 7)

THE DIFFICULTIES Gil referred to, says Rabbi Ben-Elihu, "were mitigated by the abundance of good will displayed by the Meretz people, which quickly drew a response in kind from the local people."

Ben-Elihu, a graduate of Meretz Harav and son of the country's Sephardi chief rabbi, has been rabbi of Shlomi since 1985. He and his wife wished to start their career in a development town and, after looking around, agreed to a Religious Affairs Ministry request to go to Shlomi. But Ben-Elihu agreed to stay only after the ministry, Shlomi Local Council chairman Yehuda Lanery and the local Project Renewal director, Yitzhak Esh'har, agreed to arrange for a Meretz team to come and "help bring about in Shlomi the revolution I had seen they were bringing about in other places I had visited."

He himself went to Mevasseret Yerushalayim to interview candidates, and picked the team

that is still there. "Today," Ben-Elihu says, "the townsfolk love us [he speaks of Meretz in first-person terms] in a way that I think is unparalleled. I say that what Meretz is doing is the educational revolution in Israel. The people here, who have lived Shlomi's difficult history, say they find it incredible."

In a few short years, Shlomi youngsters believed "lost" because of troubled family histories and delinquent tendencies have turned into outstanding students, and about a dozen have gone on to the elite Kiryat Shmuel Bnei Akiva yeshiva high school in Haifa. (Meretz men go to Kiryat Shmuel once or twice a week, on their own initiative and time, to see how "their" boys are doing and to help them.)

A special role in this "revolution" is filled by Rabbi Avner Cohen, who teaches in Ulpana Zviyah. In their "spare" time at the end of the normal workday, he and his wife run what is called a *mo'adonit* ("clublet") for children from broken homes. This is an apartment where children can come just to talk their hearts out to the Cohens, to get personal advice or help with their studies, and - some of them - to eat the only hot meals they get.

(The pupils and staff of Shlomi's Ulpana Zviyah were away on a historical-geography trip the day we were there. Such outings and a whole range of other social and cultural activities are an integral part of the programme of Zviyah and the other institutions operated or served by MZEC-Meretz. Opened last year with 30 pupils, Zviyah now has 60 - mainly from Shlomi, but also from Ma'alot, Nahariya and the towns in the Bay Area between Haifa and Acre. Before last year, there was nothing in Shlomi for girls of high-school age. Now the Zviyah network offers eight majors: computers, music, fine arts, chemistry, biology, Eretz Yisrael studies, geography, and advanced mathematics and English.)

Lanery, a Ph.D. in French literature on which he lectures at Haifa University, says of Ben-Elihu and the Meretz team:

"We had trouble keeping rabbis here, and for seven years before Harav Shmuel [as he refers to Ben-Elihu] came, we were without one. Then he came along and insisted that he would stay only if he could bring in a Meretz team. So I went to Mevasseret Yerushalayim, saw and was conquered. And I'm not sorry, and neither is anyone else in town. "They have integrated nicely into the community, and in the short time they've been here with their formal and informal educational activities, they've banished the spiritual wasteland that had overgrown the place. And their conduct and attitude quickly dispelled all the fears many people had expressed at first about their 'closing down the town' on Shabbat or about turning Shlomi into a *haredi* ghetto."

IN MAALOT, four Meretz families are an important nucleus of the teaching staff at the Kiryat Hinuch Yeshiva Junior-High, Preparatory (for newcomers to the country) and High School on the hill across the road from the main part of town.

The 10-year-old Kirya has 120 pupils - several dozen Ethiopian olim from all over the country and the rest from the North and as far east as Beit She'an. It is staffed by seven on-campus teachers who are also *me'hanechim* (classroom teachers) and, coming in from outside, 13 teachers of various subjects and counsellors.

The head of the yeshiva, Rabbi Meir Sayag, of Moroccan origin and a Meretz alumnus, said the Kirya provides a yeshiva framework for young men who, for various reasons, are behind the level of their contemporaries in the standard yeshivot. He explained: "We try to improve their ability to study Talmud and the other yeshiva subjects, and we train them in certain mechanical skills - computers, including theory, and the construction and repair of certain airplane parts. Some of our graduates go on to heady yeshivot or conventional (DI) service, and some are sent by the Defence Ministry for advanced training at the Klar Citrin Technological College near Haifa before being conscripted."

Rabbi Haim Yitzhak Dehan, who grew up in Afula after coming to Israel with his family from Morocco in 1961, is at the Kirya because, "as a member of the development-towns generation who personally underwent all the travails of absorption, I considered it a duty to be an educator in a development town. The kids - and their parents - see that the teachers understand



Zvi Bandel, educator.

their problems, because they come from a similar background, so they identify with us and accept us as role models.

Rabbi Malkiel Aviad, also of Moroccan origin, who grew up in Nahariya, has fulfilled his formal obligations to Meretz, but is continuing at the Ma'alot Kiryat Hinuch. "Today," he noted, "there is a generation of yeshiva men indigenous to the development towns. The parents of the children we work with now have people of their own kind to talk to, and they have dropped the inhibitions they had with the earlier generations of teachers."

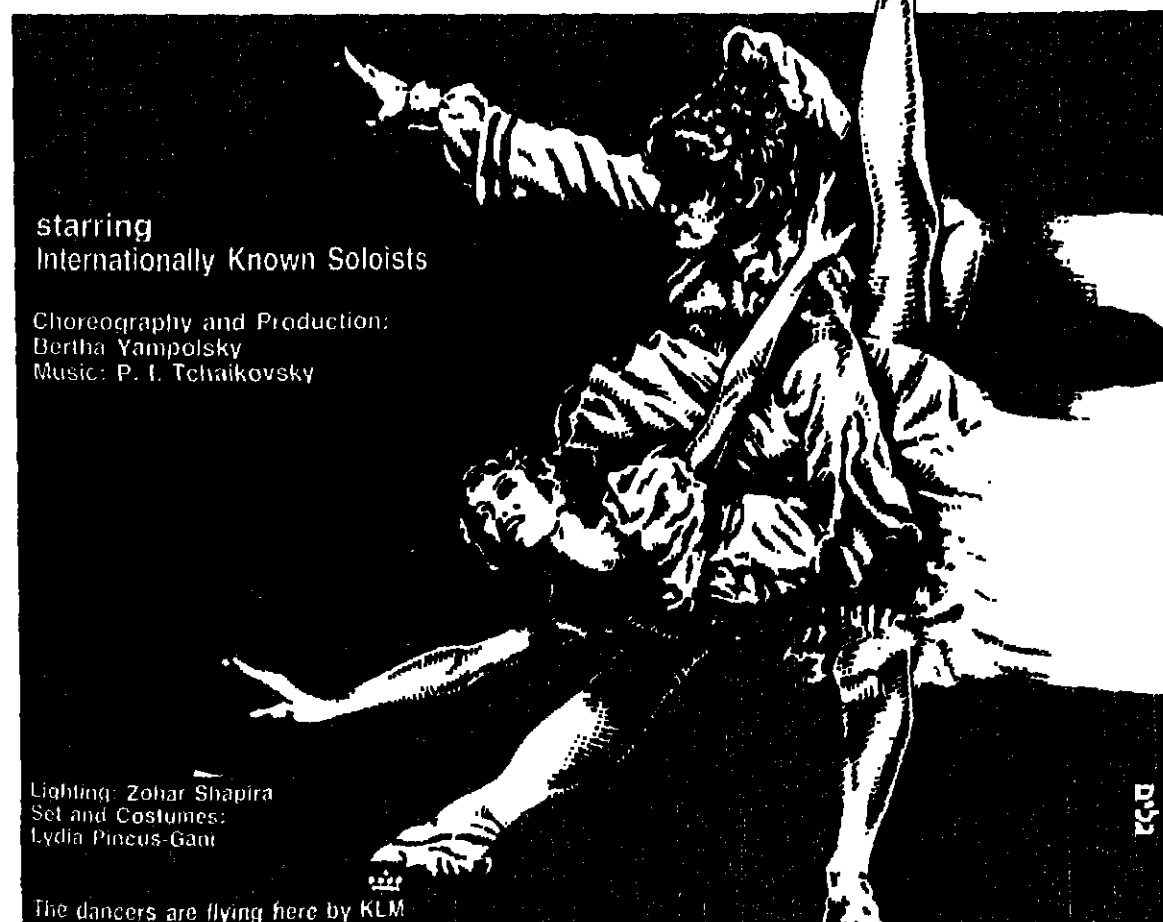
Zvi Bandel of Haifa, a veteran educator who is Meretz's itinerant educational coordinator, added: "In the development towns, people have long been accustomed to a constant coming and going of teachers. In the schools served by Meretz, we seem to have stopped this cycle and created a dynamic of stable teaching staffs."

Bandel, who comes to Mevasseret Yerushalayim several times a week and the rest of the time travels to all Meretz "missions" to encourage, help solve problems and bring material help, says about Shlomi, Ma'alot and Meretz's other operations in the North: "Now Galilee children seeking a good education no longer have to travel to the big cities; they can get it right at home."

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הכרזה מן האצל

By mentioning the dangers associated with everything from polio and Aids to burglaries and the infitida, local manufacturers are trying to scare us into buying things.

The infitida was evoked in a recent press release as a reason for buying materials for reinforcing the windows of vehicles travelling in high-risk areas. But I shall leave that subject for the moment and concentrate on the disease scares.

At the Health Ministry, Dr. Alma Avni, director of public health services, says some of the threats and promises of commercial companies are "very exaggerated."

"The public has to be on the alert for misleading statements inspired by the profit motive," she warns.

TWO MANUFACTURERS are exhorting us these days to wash fruits and vegetables in their respective disinfectant solutions, Prinnet and Sterily. Both come in 500-millilitre plastic bottles, and are very similar in price and instructions for usage.

Prinnet, made by Sicea in Holon, has been used for many years in institutions, and appeared on the market for general use about a month ago. Its list-price is NIS 6.90 a bottle. Prinnet's press release hints at polio in a round-about way - saying that the product's consumption in hotels and other institutions rose with the polio scare, and after the famous *Kolbnek* telecast about bacteria in humous and salads. The communique goes on to promise destruction of a long list of specific bacteria and "the cholera virus," but does not mention polio.

Priced at NIS 7.15 and made by a year-old Bai Yan company, Sterily was also originally aimed at the institutional market. Its manager notes that its "public debut" was in mid-summer, well before the polio scare, and that its promotional campaign makes no mention of the disease. Its ads and labelling bear the words "approved by the Health Ministry," and promise total annihilation of germs, bacteria and moulds, and removal of pesticide residues.

What does the Health Ministry say about washing produce?

Dr. Avni's advice to the public is simple: "Wash all fruits and vegetables well in soap or detergent, and rinse thoroughly." She says there is "no advantage at all" in buying a special disinfectant product which almost certainly costs more.

In homes where children take fruits and vegetables directly from the refrigerator, Avni recommends washing all such items immediately, drying them well and only then putting them away.

As for the Sterily's label claim of being "approved by the Health Ministry," she stresses that such approval means that the product has been certified as safe; ministry approval is not a guarantee of effectiveness or an endorsement of any product.

Perhaps the most expensive product currently being promoted for fighting health hazards is a household water-purifier which works on ultra-violet rays.

It costs NIS 670 to buy and install a "Tami 4" water-purifier, made by Kibbutz Netiv HaLamed-Hey, and NIS 61 a year for periodic replacement of its filter and bulb. The apparatus goes under the sink and provides purified water from a special tap at that sink only.

The implication behind this is that ordinary tap water is somehow unfit to drink. The press release for Tami 4 contains phrases such as "the low quality of drinking water in Israel" and "warnings of an expected holocaust in the area of water" (yes, it really used the Hebrew word *shoa*, meaning "holocaust").

Not surprisingly, the Health Ministry's attitude is that there is no need to install a household purifying apparatus for drinking water - certainly not in homes linked to an urban water supply. "It is superfluous to install such a device," according to Avni, though she concedes that UV rays are effective in killing bacteria in water.

The Tami 4 producers argue that its water-purifiers are particularly useful in buildings with water reservoirs on their rooftops where they can easily be contaminated by birds and other foreign bodies. The Health Ministry's answer is that house committees should see to the proper maintenance of such roof tanks, rather than expect individual families to purify

SCARE TACTICS



Prinnet disinfectant: battles bacteria and the 'cholera virus.'

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

their own drinking water.

At a recent press conference introducing Tami 4, the improved successor to Tami 3, it was said that while tap water is usually safe to drink, there are rare occasions when it is not due to seepage of sewage water or other polluting substances. Regular chlorination is supposed to prevent such contamination, and following regular testing, the Health Ministry can warn us in time if it is necessary to boil water. But sometimes these safeguards are too little or too late, the Tami manufacturers contend.

Addressing the press gathering ("as a volunteer," she said) was well-known microbiologist Dr. Shoshana Weissman, director of the Koor-owned Institute for Food Microbiology in Haifa, which does testing on behalf of public and private institutions.

The microbiologist reported that she had tested Tami 4 and found that it does indeed destroy bacteria - such as coliform, *E. coli*, and streptococci - which are signs of fecal contamination and hence are used as "indicators" of the possible presence of true disease-causing bacteria and viruses.

It is difficult or impossible, she said, to test water routinely for specific diseases, which is why the Health Ministry tests also rely on "indicators" such as coliform. Her lab deliberately contaminated water with indicator bacteria in order to test the Tami 4, because the tap water in Haifa showed no signs of contamination.

Weissman did not test Tami 4 for its effect on viruses as opposed to bacteria. She does not think the ultra-violet rays of Tami 4 are strong enough to kill viruses, and says that if they were, UV rays of such intensity might not be safe to have in drinking water. There is no proof, therefore, that a Tami 4 would have protected anyone against the polio virus.

Weissman was critical of Health Ministry regulations permitting too much time to pass between an initial discovery of coliform bacteria in drinking water, and a reconfirmation check. Depending on the quantity of coliform in the first discovery, either 72 hours or 10 days is allowed before the second testing. Meanwhile, people could be at risk of drinking contaminated water, she implied.

At the ministry, however, Dr. Avni said that public health authorities do not wait for a second test before taking preventative action: "If there is even a suspicion of risk, we inform residents to boil water, and we order the chlorine levels increased if they are below par."

For two high-sensitivity groups - infants and the infirm elderly - drinking contaminated water "can be critical," Weissman asserted. For these groups, boiling water is generally the simplest solution. Investing in a UV-ray purifier, she concluded, makes sense mainly in households with parents "who drive the family crazy insisting that everyone drink boiled or expensive bottled water."

Interested people can contact the makers of Tami 4 in the Tel Aviv area at 03-324975 or 316971; in Haifa, at 04-245213; or at the kibbutz factory near Jerusalem at 02-910111.

What is the difference between an expensive purifier and the simple, inexpensive water filters which screw onto a tap (such as the local May-Tzurim product), or the plastic jugs with filters (such as the imported Brita)?

Simple water filters with activated carbon in them do two things only: They filter out some or most of the sand, rust and other dirt particles, and they remove the chlorine taste. Unlike the ultra-violet rays of Tami 4, these carbon filters do not kill bacteria. In the best of circumstances, there is a "one in, one out" passage of bacteria through the filter.

If the filter is not changed often enough, it can actually become a breeding ground for bacteria. As more bacteria come out of the tap than come in, it is preferable, say some health experts - in view of the public's negligence in changing carbon filters - not to use them.

ONE RECENT press release reported an "increase in the import of thermos bottles in the wake of the polio outbreak." It said that parents had begun sending their children off to school with individual thermoses. So far, quite believable. The press release, however, promoted ultra-modern thermos bottles imported from Germany, priced from NIS 32 to NIS 54 at the posh Havaya gift shop chain!

There is no reason for parents to fear the water at kindergartens or schools, states the Health Ministry's Dr. Avni, where it is as safe to drink as anywhere else.

The aim of providing an individual canteen is to prevent one's child from drinking out of a common cup. According to Avni, however, educational institutions, unless they have drinking fountains, are supposed to provide either disposable cups or individual ones marked with each child's names. (Often, however, they do not.)

Unfortunately, the cheap plastic canteens sold for children almost invariably leak; the army-type canteens preferred by older children are usually better. The answer, then, would be a sturdy locally-made kiddie canteen, not an imported "designer" thermos.

EVER SINCE Aids was discovered, there has been a noticeable increase in the number of products connected with toilet hygiene. It doesn't help to point out that there is no evidence of anyone contracting Aids from a toilet seat. Most of these products do not refer directly to this or any other disease, but the hints are there in words such as "anti-contagious," "safer," "hygienic" and so forth.

Several supposedly pocket-sized disinfectant sprays for toilets have appeared on the market over the past year or so. One of the latest is a spray produced locally "with Swiss

know-how" by Chingat of Holon. Labelled "Hygienic Fresh Personal" in English, the producers claims it kills "bacteria, viruses and spores (sic)." It is recommended for use in lavatories "at work, in public places, or army camp."

THIS IS nothing, however, compared to a newly-arrived import product from the United States: a disposable paper funnel which permits women to urinate standing up and facing the toilet. Dressed up with a French name, "Le Funelle," it is the invention of a California woman, Lore Harp.

My psychologist neighbour (who is both French and female) termed the very idea "penis envy." It is nothing of the sort, retorts local importer Dr. Avi Gertner of Rishon Le-Zion's Agrymed (tel. 08-400137), who says Le Funelle can be a boon to women using public restrooms, to female soldiers in the field or at the base, and to elderly women who may find it hard to bend or squat over toilets.

The instructions with Le Funelle suggest practising in the privacy of one's home. I have only two comments: (1) It is not very difficult to use. (2) It is a very strange experience and once was enough. On sale only at select pharmacies, Le Funelle costs about NIS 1 per trip to the loo. Another potential use of Le Funelle, says the importer, is at medical laboratories where urine specimens have to be collected.

A TOILET HYGIENE device which elicited a positive response from the Health Ministry's Dr. Avni was a foot-pedal flusher. "Definitely a good idea," she said, without citing any particular brand. At the same time, she urged me to remind people to wash their hands thoroughly with soap and water after using toilets, and before eating.

The new device for home or public toilets is called "Foot Flusher," patented by Automation Engineering of Tel Aviv. While such a flusher is hardly a new idea, this one was designed specifically to fit onto most Israeli-made toilets. Besides the "no-hands" hygienic feature, it also boasts a water-saving device: One can release either half, or the full amount, of the water in the tank by varying the foot pressure.

The Foot Flusher costs NIS 40 (including mailing and do-it-yourself installation instructions), from Automation Engineering, P.O.B. 37244, Tel Aviv 61372, tel. 03-623803.

This firm also makes a touch-tap water faucet, of particular benefit to the physically handicapped. Adaptable to hand or foot position, its air-cushion valve enables operation by only slight pressure from the hand, elbow, foot, knee, head, or wheel of a wheelchair. It costs NIS 250, and the firm will install it. Further information will be provided by phone on either product.

For sheer publicity *hutzpa*, it is hard to beat the press release for a food supplement product stating: "In these times of polio, Aids, and even just the ordinary winter flu, it is worthwhile to give the body's immune systems reinforcements and 'supplements' in order to ease their battles with various viral diseases." The food supplement under discussion was the Eden brand of Beta Carotene, a vegetable-origin substance which helps the body create Vitamin A.

The very mention of Beta Carotene in the same breath as Aids and polio is preposterous. Dr. Avni says that there is no proof that taking such a supplement is beneficial to one's health, and in any case, ministry regulations forbid manufacturers from making health claims for food products, including so-called "food supplements." Only if a product is registered as a drug are these claims permitted.

WITHOUT NAMING any specific diseases, the C.T.S. medical supplies importer is offering the public a "portable household artificial respiration apparatus with a one-way valve" for user-safe resuscitation of victims of "drowning, electrocution, road accidents, etc." It is meant to protect the rescuator against "the passage of secretions and other diseases (sic)" from the victim's mouth to his own.

Said to be the only one-way resuscitator device "of its size" in the country, it sells for NIS 20 at pharmacies or at the offices of C.T.S. (main office, Petah Tikva, tel. 03-9250250).

MARTHA MEISELS

ALL TOO OFTEN, events and phenomena that make the front page are reported in less depth than it takes to understand them within a historical context. Depth is required to understand the "why" behind the story, as well as the "what" and the "how."

Newspapers, however, are not meant to be history books, which can trap the reader in a morass of unwanted detail. Thus, for those who would like a bit of historical background on one of the major stories to appear of late in the Israeli press - namely, Israel's response to the "dropout" phenomenon of would-be Soviet olim - *A Century of Ambivalence: The Jews of Russia and the Soviet Union 1881 to the Present* is a good place to begin.

A Century of Ambivalence does not presume to offer a comprehensive history of Russian and Soviet Jewry or a detailed analysis of why so many of these departing Jews in recent years have opted not to resettle in Israel. Rather, in combining hundreds of photographs assembled from the archives of the Yivo Institute for Jewish Research in New York and private collections, with a historical narrative written by Zvi Gitelman, the volume succeeds in conveying the richness and complexity of the Russian/Soviet Jewish experience - and in doing so, provides a clue to the "why" of the dropout issue.

Taking in the highlights of the last 100 years of this history, as told by Gitelman, professor of political science at the University of Michigan, is a bit like riding a roller coaster. It is full of ups and downs, the latter much more extreme than the former.

The historical accounting opens with a portrait of Tsarist repression, replete with pogroms carried out against the Jews, believed to be the "enemies of Christ." This repression was encapsulated in the formula of Russian statesman Konstantin Pobedonostsev, who was believed to have advocated solving Russia's "Jewish problem" by having one-third of the Jews killed, one-third converted to Christianity and one-third made to leave the country forever.

The response to the harsh reality of life in the towns and *shtetls* of the Pale of Settlement to which Russian Jews were confined took on two divergent forms. The first, in the direction of universally oriented socialism, was expressed in the formation of the Bund, which assumed its place in the Marxist Russian Social-Democratic Labour Par-

A strange loyalty



Stalin's portrait supervises Jewish metal-work students in the Thirties.

A CENTURY OF AMBIVALENCE: The Jews of Russia and the Soviet Union 1881 to the Present by Zvi Gitelman. New York, Schocken Books. 336 pp. \$39.95.

Marda Dunsky

ty as "the sole representative of the Jewish proletariat."

The second, more particularist in nature, was the proposal of a specifically Jewish solution, namely, Zionism. This movement drew not only what Gitelman describes as the "acculturated intelligentsia" propelled by an "assimilationist" argument that deemed the achievement of their own homeland a precondition for the normalization and acceptance of Jews in the world. It also attracted, in even larger numbers,

pious Jews, who found in Zionism "the age-old messianic dream of a return to Zion."

Having established the tension between the Jewish socialists and the Zionists, the text further illustrates the divergent tendencies among the Jews as a consequence of the Revolution. During the "war of all against all," in the face of persecution by the Ukrainian nationalist military and the White armies (which were supported in their anti-Jewish campaigns by many Russian Orthodox clergymen, Gitelman writes), many Jews were drawn to the side of the Bolsheviks as a lesser-of-evils proposition.

"The only armed force that did not systematically terrorize the Jews was the Red Army...," he writes. "Jews came to regard the Red Army as their protector, and young Jews

joined it in order to avenge the crimes against their families and people."

After the Revolution, the *evsektsii*, as the Jewish sections of the Communist Party were called, regarded "the values and institutions of the Jewish community as so alien to the Marxists' ideology and to the new society that was to be based on it that they were determined to eradicate them as soon as possible." Thus, with the aim of carrying out the revolution in the "Jewish street," the Jewish Communists declared a civil war of sorts against their own brethren, and "targeted for elimination not only the Zionist movement and the Jewish religion, but even the Hebrew language."

THE TEXT goes on to recount the carnage carried out by the Nazis and the Ukrainians during World War II, resulting in the deaths of one-and-a-half-million Jews in the Soviet Union; of the rampant paranoia of the Stalin regime that found expression in, among other devices, an "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign whose chief target was the Jews; the ensuing Doctors Plot of 1953, a latter-day echo of the Dreyfus Affair, and a gradual easing of the state's attitude towards its Jewish citizens under Khrushchev in which, Gitelman writes, "they were no longer seen as equal members of society, but as a tolerated marginal group, excluded from much of the mainstream and best relegated to sectors where they could make some particular contribution and not harm the overall Soviet cause."

Nevertheless, woven through the narrative is the notion that despite the deck being stacked against them, many Jews continued to maintain a strange loyalty to and love for their country, serving with distinction in the Soviet Army during World War II and to this day as valued contributors in the realms of science and technology. Gitelman cites two examples of this phenomenon, best characterized as the plight of the eternal outsider looking longingly in.

The first Jewish graduate of a Russian university (in 1884), Lev Mandelstam, said: "I love my country and the language of my land but, at the same time, I am unfortunately because of the misfortune of my fellow Jews...I am bound to their affliction by the closest of ties of kinship and feeling."

A contrapuntal sentiment, albeit to the same effect, was expressed by Larissa Bogoraz, widow of the recently deceased political prisoner

Anatoly Marchenko: "Who am I? Unfortunately, I do not feel like a Jew. I understand that I have an unquestionable genetic tie with Jewry...A more profound, or more general common bond is lacking...community of language, culture, history, tradition...By all these, I am Russian...and nevertheless, no, I am not Russian. I am a stranger today in this land."

Gitelman recounts how Israel's victory in the Six Day War renewed the Zionist movement in the Soviet Union, and in his discussion of refusnik offers a brief explanation of the dropout phenomenon. First, he maintains, the reservoir of ideologically committed Zionists had been depleted by the mid-1970s. Second, he notes that more than 80 per cent of the Soviet Jewish immigrants to the United States came from the Russian and Ukrainian republics, where acculturation was far more extensive than in the Baltic region or in Georgia and Central Asia, where Jewish traditions were more widely observed and thus the "pull" to Israel was greater.

PERHAPS an even more compelling explanation of why the bulk of Soviet Jews have bypassed Israel in recent years is to be found in Gitelman's characterization of Russian and Soviet Jews' response to their historical predicament: "The Jews disagreed profoundly about where and how to make their contributions. Some dedicated their lives to the country of their birth, while others ultimately rejected it and sought to build up other lands..."

"Jews have eagerly embraced programmes to reform Russia or to leave it: to lose themselves within the larger population or to develop a distinctive culture of their own; to preserve traditional Jewish culture or to root it out completely. Probably most Jews throughout the period lived their lives without embracing any of the ideologies that competed for the allegiance. They settled for living their family and professional lives as best they could, just like most people in any society."

Thus the key to the dropout issue might well be found in the title of this popular history, that is to say, in the concept of "ambivalence." And if there is a lesson to be drawn from the share that history has had in shaping current events, it seems to lie in the realization that Soviet Jews, against the rich and complex backdrop of their historical experience, would turn to the State of Israel as only one of a number of logical alternatives. □

FOR ONE out of every five Jewish couples today, efforts to begin a family meet with unforeseen problems of infertility. Rabbi Gold's message to these people: you can and should become parents.

In this modest volume, Rabbi Gold does three different things, all of them important and interesting. First, he shares with his readers his own experience and that of his wife in coping with infertility, suffering from its physical as well as from its emotional aspects, and overcoming it through adoption. Secondly, he surveys, in a succinct and lucid way, the various aspects of infertility and the possible solutions to it, including unconventional medical procedures and adoption.

Last but not least, Rabbi Gold discusses, in a thoroughly learned and yet straightforward and clear-cut manner, the traditional Jewish context, and especially the halachic attitudes to the various issues of infertility and adoption.

These three aspects do not constitute three distinct parts of the book, but are, rather, intertwined throughout it, although some of the chapters concentrate more on Jewish tradition and Halacha, while others focus on medical and practical information and advice.

One could maintain that Rabbi Gold should have distinguished more between these different aspects, and perhaps even have written three different books. However, he has put things together in his own way, and the method works. The book is extremely readable, but also thorough, combining a unique flavour of informality and authority.

Strong, clear voice

AND HANNAH WEPT: Infertility, Adoption, and the Jewish Couple by Michael Gold. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society. 231 pp. \$19.95.

David Ben-Nahum

Rabbi Gold has a knack for explaining things clearly and succinctly. When he discusses practical matters, such as medical procedures or various aspects of adoption, he sets the scene, goes into enough detail for the reader to know what he is talking about, and then gives references for further reading. He supplies summaries for the main topics covered.

IN HIS halachic discussions, Rabbi Gold has a very clear theme. He tries to find halachic justification for anything which can help Jews become parents. This permissive attitude may raise objections, although the author does not say anything concerning Halacha without backing it up by quoting at least some halachic authorities. He is also fair enough to mention when his permissive attitude is widely shared by ha-

lachic authorities (as in the case of sperm testing) and when most of them are against it (as in the case of artificial insemination by a donor, or surrogate motherhood).

No reader is likely to agree with everything that Rabbi Gold says. For example, he recommends that couples first fully accept the fact that they cannot conceive, and even allow themselves some time to mourn this discovery, and only then decide if they want to pursue adoption.

This seems to me to be good advice for couples who start early (and I am not even sure about that), but for couples who start trying to have children in their 30s, I would definitely recommend, as soon as they find out that there is a problem (let's say, after a year or so of trying unsuccessfully to conceive), their looking into medical treatment and adoption at the same time.

Such objections are, of course, legitimate, and other readers will probably have different ones. This fact does not reduce the effectiveness of the book. On the contrary, it

shows that it is much more than a mere guide or handbook. It raises issues, expresses ideas, criticizes weaknesses and advocates courses of action.

MICHAEL GOLD is a rabbi in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and his book is addressed, first and foremost, to the American Jewish community. However, except for some minor details, the book is just as relevant, interesting and important for Jews elsewhere. In the matter of adoption, its message is even more relevant for Israelis than it is for Americans. Gold urges the American Jewish community to be much more active in the field of adoption, and explains how more children can be adopted in ways which are both legal and beautiful.

In Israel, which is the most backward among Western countries in the field of adoption, there is an urgent need for strong, clear voices such as that of Rabbi Gold to be heard and taken into consideration. □

WHEN SHELLY WINTERS hit the bestseller lists a few years back with a slow-biz memoir which chronicled her once-active celebrity sex life in explicit detail, she forever opened the ante on the degree of personal revelations now deemed necessary to sell such books. As a result, Hollywood memoirs have become almost embarrassingly intimate in recent years.

Particularly so are those painful chronicles of show-biz beauties who were thoroughly exploited in various ways by their town's lust-lane lifestyle. But why are so many of these women now eager to share these humiliations with thousands of readers? Probably a combination of greed, a chance to bask in the limelight once again, and an opportunity to get back at the various jerks of the opposite gender who have screwed them over one way or another.

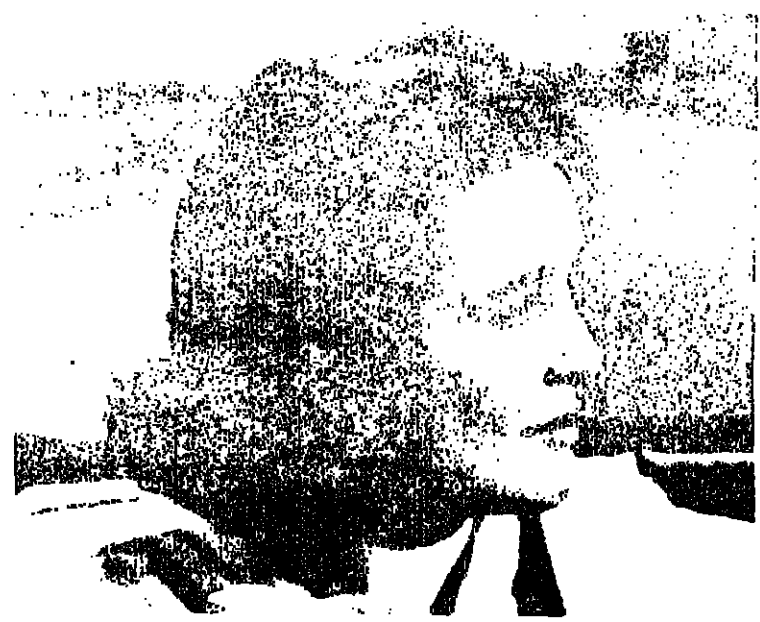
Part of Patricia Neal's real-life story is already public record. This beautiful actress had finally reached her career peak with an Oscar-winning role in *Hud* in 1963, but two years later she suffered a devastating stroke that almost ended her life. The story of her eventual recovery, achieved largely through the help of her then-husband, the British writer Ronald Dahl, was inspirational enough to serve as the basis of a television movie.

Also, as I Am by Patricia Neal (Simon and Schuster, New York, 384 pp., \$18.95), makes it clear that Neal's story had less than a story-book ending. She paints Dahl as a cold and distant lover, whose infidelity eventually destroyed their marriage. The true love of her life was Gary Cooper, who had refused to leave his wife for Neal when they were having a love affair that scandalized Hollywood in the early Fifties.

Another well-known Hollywood hard-luck story is that of Debbie Reynolds, the sweet ingenue of *Singing In The Rain*, whose marital misadventures belie her cheery screen image.

In *Debbie - My Life* by Debbie Reynolds (William Morrow, New York, 436 pp., no price listed), she settles the score with some of the men in her life who have given her a raw deal. The most well known of them is singer Eddie Fisher, who

Intimate memoirs



Patricia Neal: helped, then betrayed, by her husband, Ronald Dahl.

Caleb Ben-David

dumped Reynolds for Elizabeth Taylor in one of the film world's most publicized marital break-ups.

But Fisher gets off relatively easily here compared to Harry Karl, a swinging shoe manufacturer who married Reynolds and then managed to lose both their fortunes through his reckless gambling. The book ends with the actress having to make a living doing dinner-theatre and hawking a video-tape called *Do It Debbie's Way* - fortunately an exercise tape, and not a guide to husband-hunting.

Jane Powell was a young, wholesome MGM starlet with a career similar to Reynolds's, though far more obscure. In fact, despite Powell's starring roles in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* and *A Royal Wedding*, even this film fan has difficulty distinguishing Powell from such other boringly sweet actresses of the same period, such as the three Junes - Haver, Havoc and Allyson.

Unfortunately, Powell's private life doesn't seem to have been that much more interesting than her film career, making *The Girl Next Door*

And How She Grew by Jane Powell (Wm. Morrow, New York, 253 pp., \$18.95) an excruciatingly dull book. Perhaps sensing the need to juice up her story, Powell blithely informs the reader of her daughter's sexual preferences, and then, incredibly, states, "It's really no one's business but hers."

Socialite Gloria Vanderbilt has had only a marginal connection with the entertainment world, but her starry personal life and recent fame as the TV pitchwoman for a brand of designer jeans have awarded her a dubious celebrity status. An earlier memoir chronicled her experiences as the prize of a celebrated high-society divorcee in the Thirties. Now she continues the saga of her life in *Black Knight, White Knight* by Gloria Vanderbilt (Fawcett, New York, 314 pp., \$4.50).

The book covers the period of Vanderbilt's first two marriages, to her "black knight," the wife-beating Hollywood playboy Pat De Cicco, and her "white knight," conductor Leopold Stokowski.

Vanderbilt has the material here for an interesting look at the rarified air where Hollywood and high society mix, but she writes this memoir in a gushy mannered prose that

reads like a adolescent schoolgirl's diary. Her suffocating focus on her own feelings, to the exclusion of all most everything else, makes this book almost impossible to read.

Detour - A Hollywood Tragedy by Cheryl Crane with Cliff Lahn (Michael Joseph Ltd., London, 400 pp., £12.95), is also written by someone only marginally connected with show biz, albeit an individual with a truly juicy story to tell. Crane, the daughter of Lana Turner, was the centre of one of Hollywood's biggest scandals after she fatally stabbed her mother's gangster-lover during one of their violent brawls.

Crane doesn't offer up any shocking revelations about that affair - she sticks to the standard version that the killing was an accident, denying the rumours that Turner actually did the stabbing and then let her under-age daughter take the rap for her.

Yet this book certainly doesn't lack for shocking material. There's the expected "mommy dearest" material on Turner, who emerges as a shallow, self-centred bimbo. More seriously disturbing is Crane's account of the horrifying childhood sexual abuse she received from one of her stepfathers, Tarzan-actor Lex Barker. Crane's graphic account of her subsequent delinquency and life-long sexual hang-ups is far sadder than the synthetic soap operas like *Peyton Place* which were her mom's bread-and-butter.

No film star had a more story-book book life than the late Grace Kelly, the Philadelphia girl who ended up as Princess Grace of Monaco. But according to Grace by James Spada (Penguin, London, 439 pp., £3.95), this fairytale life included some dark clouds well hidden from the public. For example, Kelly's screen image of refined blonde purity in such films as *High Noon* and *The Country Girl* was a media myth; the actress was quite promiscuous in her Hollywood days, enjoying affairs with married co-stars like William Holden, Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper.

Spada theorizes that the Catholic-raised Kelly felt guilty about her behaviour, and that this was one motivation for her decision to leave Hollywood and marry Prince Rainier. Though Kelly was apparently faithful to Rainier (though not vice

versa), the marriage was only moderately successful, and in her last years she became a heavy drinker.

However, the author discounts this as a factor in the fatal car accident which took Kelly's life in 1982, as he does other theories that place her under-aged daughter Stephanie at the wheel.

After this succession of sob stories, one turns with pleasure to a more upbeat story like Jane Fonda by Michael Freedland (Wendlandt and Nicholson, London, 224 pp., £12.95). Fonda's life has certainly had its share of turbulent periods - going from being the all-American daughter of Henry Fonda to the Euro-sex-kitten muse of director-husband Roger Vadim, to the notorious left-wing Vietnam war protestor dubbed "Hanoi Jane."

Yet as this fawning biography dutifully records, Fonda has shown herself to be a formidable survivor, emerging in her latest incarnation as the "total-woman" aerobics queen of the Eighties. However, not everyone is as taken with Lady Jane as is Michael Freedland; his book was published too late to report on the account of the horrifying childhood sexual abuse she received from one of her stepfathers, Tarzan-actor Lex Barker. Crane's graphic account of her subsequent delinquency and life-long sexual hang-ups is far sadder than the synthetic soap operas like *Peyton Place* which were her mom's bread-and-butter.

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Story of a Smous

ANTHONY SHER, who for the past several years has been one of the most acclaimed members of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company, has just published his first novel, *Middlepost*. It is a promising, if not entirely successful, debut.

The story concerns the migration of a Lithuanian Jew to South Africa at the turn of the century, a story that in fact closely parallels that of Sher's own grandparents. But this is no conventional Jewish immigrant's tale, and therein lies the problem. For reasons that are never made clear, Sher chooses to make his central character an inarticulate, lethargic dillard, who, in his first several years on the veld, which is what the novel encompasses, never learns more than five words of any language in use in southern Africa.

As a result, Zeev Immerman, or Smous as he comes to be known (after the Afrikaans word for pedlar), understands little of what is going on around him, and of course no one understands him. At the very least, a novel of almost 400 pages in which the central character cannot communicate with anyone makes for an awful lot of awkward business.

Not that Sher is all that interested in coherent or even credible narrative. He presents a splendid recreation of Smous's life in the Lithuanian shtetl and an evocative picture of the uncomprehending immigrant's arrival at Cape Town. But from that moment on, Sher has other fish to fry. Those fish chiefly run to the order of uniformly hideous characters and grotesque violence. These are heaped together in a relentless fantasia calculated to pain every possible aspect of South African society in the worst possible light.

Temple managed to get a fair share of the fortune she had earned for the studios, made a successful second marriage with upright San Francisco social lion Edward Black, and carved out a second career for herself as the *doyenne* of the wealthy Californian conservative set which also produced Ronald Reagan. What a relief that it turned out to be smooth sailing on the Good Ship Lollipop after all.

MIDDLEPOST by Anthony Sher. Illustrated by the author. London, Chatto and Windus, 379 pp., £11.95.

S.T. Meravi

He is about a half-day's journey from his destination, a town where his worried relatives eagerly await him, but he soon forgets about all that. Instead, he chooses to settle back in a chair drowsily to watch the Boers, the English, the Bushmen and the blacks wreak havoc on each other. This they do, with monotonous regularity.

The cast of characters, like some hopeless troupe of Faulknerian underdogs, includes the predictable drunkards, schemers, maniacs, religious fanatics, charlatans, fornicators, Shakespeare-spouting servants and long-suffering primitives. Unlike the genuine Yoknapatawpha articles, Sher's characters are not individuals, but strictly two-dimensional types. This flaw, on top of the totally static nature of the narrative, make for a rather thundering failure of a novel.

Thundering because Sher writes such accomplished prose that one is constantly disconcerted by the fact that the story fails to measure up to the telling. His eye and ear for detail, for example, are outstanding. Example: "The linguist now began to sharpen his quill; this was done on the side of a broken bottle, scraping the feather to and fro along the sharp edge, with a little ringing noise." Outstanding too is his skill at painting the effective image. Here, for instance, is Sher describing a particularly unpleasant death:

"A few miles out his left hand suddenly slackened on the reins, all sensation draining from that arm. Puzzled, he struck his shoulder with his right hand, trying to stop the

numbness spreading, but now, without any grip on the reins, lost his balance and began to slip from the saddle. Calling to his Saviour - 'Jeeceee!' - he arched into the air, jerking and twirling, knotting one stirrup around his ankle before hitting the ground. The mare tried to shake free, but only further twisted the leathers around Buthlay's leg. Terrified, she now began to gallop, for many miles, until the lop-sided weight became too tiring to drag. As night fell the predators of the veld arrived, at different times and in different groups, sometimes driving one another off, sometimes surrounding the horse in unison: a family of Cape foxes giving their soft, long screams, a meerkat jerking onto its hind legs to survey the scene, a pair of genets arching their slim spotted bodies, spraying, hissing, calling to one another, 'Uff - uff - uff.' None were large enough to attack the stamping, whinnying giant that was attached, confusingly, to the sweet-smelling carrion, so they bided their time, waiting, one or two braver ones darting in whenever the mare went still to tear and nibble. When a pack of black-backed jackals appeared out of the darkness, yowling and chattering, all others fled, even the horse, finding new strength.

"So it continued, day after day, the small beasts tracking the mobile feast through the bush, while kites, buzzards and vultures circled it from above. As the mare grew weaker, so the hunters ventured closer, some hoarding Buthlay's corpse and travelling along as it slid and bumped over the surface of the veld, protesting at the ride, snarling and flapping, feeding and drinking."

WITH THIS first novel Anthony Sher is apparently settling personal and political scores; he is on record as loathing his native South Africa and has condemned his family for remaining there. With that off his chest, it will be interesting to say the least, to see what this multi-talented artist does next.

DISMEMBERS OF THE TRIBE



THE FIFTH COLUMN Matt Nesvicky

HUNDREDS of anguished readers have naturally written in begging for a solution to the Who-Is-a-Jew dilemma. In response, the Fifth Column's research staff has devised the following Guaranteed Sure-Fire Litmus Test of Tribal Membership. If administered to potential immigrants by the Interior Ministry, this simple exam will identify both the natural-born and the indisputably naturalized Jew. The test, in fact, is so effective it will actually uncover people who didn't even know they were Jewish.

1. Which of the following has no place in a pastrami sandwich: (a) pastrami (b) rye bread (c) mustard (d) sour pickle (e) watercress.

2. When you read about a major disaster, such as an earthquake, you (a) immediately wonder if any Jews died (b) chuck your tongue and turn to the sports page (c) send a cheque to the Red Cross (d) send a cheque to the Red Crescent (e) call your insurance agent.

3. If you suffer a severe shock, such as learning from your insurance agent that you are not covered for earthquakes, and you feel faint, you call out for a glass of (a) scotch (b) bourbon (c) ouzo (d) milk (e) seltzer.

4. If the gentleman seated to your immediate right at a dinner party discusses nuclear physics all evening, you find yourself (a) asking pertinent questions about fusion and fission (b) bringing up the new cyclotron project in Texas (c) contributing your own theories of quantum physics (d) criticizing Einstein's Unified Field Theory (e) wondering how much the guy paid for his suit.

5. If a gorgeous blonde is seated to your immediate left at the dinner party, you find yourself wondering (a) whether she's married to the scientist-shmuck in the fancy suit (b) where your own wife is seated and whether she can hear (c) what a beautifully girl like her is doing in a place like this (d) when you're going to drizzle gravy on your tie (e) whether she's had a nose job.

6. If you read in the paper that the Japanese have swept the Nobel Prizes, you (a) chuck your tongue and turn to the sports page (b) cheerfully acknowledge that those Japanese are truly remarkable people (c) send an indignant letter to the Anti-Defamation League (d) send a cheque to the Weizmann Institute.

7. When winter comes, in the deepest recesses of your heart you place maximum faith in (a) massive doses of vitamin C (b) flu shots (c) antibiotics (d) orange juice and aspirin (e) chicken soup.

8. You are least likely to receive a birthday card from a relative in (a) New York (b) Miami (c) London (d) Manchester (e) Tupelo, Mississippi.

9. The least likely item to be found in a Jewish man's wardrobe is (a) clean white handkerchiefs (b) a hand-knitted sweater (c) a dark suit (d) black shoes (e) boxing gloves.

10. In the deepest recesses of your heart, your idea of a literary genius is (a) James Joyce (b) Virginia Woolf (c) T.S. Eliot (d) Leo Tolstoy (e) Leon Uris.

11. It is unacceptable to encourage a child who wishes to study (a) the piano (b) the violin (c) the viola (d) the cello (e) the bongo drums.

12. If you read in the paper that the next White House chief of staff is going to be an Arab-American, you (a) chuck your tongue and turn to the sports page (b) express admiration for the wonderful melting-pot that is America (c) remind yourself that such a choice is clearly the president's prerogative (d) down a drink (e) up your pledge.

13. The least acceptable accompaniment to smoked salmon is (a) a bagel (b) cream cheese (c) a slab of onion (d) cracked pepper (e) ketchup.

14. The least likely periodical to be found in your home when you were growing up would be (a) *The New York Times* (b) *The New Republic* (c) *Commentary* (d) *Dissent* (e) *Guns and Ammo*.

15. Harry Lipschitz has been married to a convert for 36 years. She has raised three lovely children. She keeps a kosher home. She is president of the synagogue sisterhood. Throughout the community she is invariably thought of as (a) Mrs. Lipschitz (b) President Lipschitz (c) Sarah Lipschitz (d) Harry's wife (e) the convert.

16. Your child receives a failing grade in arithmetic. The logical assumption is (a) there must be some mistake (b) the child has a learning disability (c) the child's teacher has a teaching disability (d) the child's teacher is a closet Nazi (e) the name tags were switched at the hospital.

17. You spot your neighbour wearing a gorgeous cashmere sports jacket. Your initial reaction is to (a) compliment him for his excellent taste (b) feel the goods between thumb and forefinger and congratulate him on his eye for quality (c) discreetly inquire what an item like that runs these days (d) wonder if your cousin Bernie can get one for you cheaper.

18. The least acceptable condiment with which to dress your feta-fel is (a) chana (b) hot pepper sauce (c) HP Sauce (d) chopped vegetables (e) chopped herring.

19. Woody Allen and Richard Dreyfuss suddenly start to criticize Israel on the Palestinian issue. Your immediate reaction is (a) that it's wonderful that show-business people interest themselves in world affairs (b) that it's heartwarming that big-time entertainers remain concerned about Jewish matters (c) when did Dreyfuss last have a hit anyway? (d) why must Woody always end his pictures by running across Manhattan after some shiksa? (e) their mothers were both converted by the same correspondence-school rabbi.

20. The name least likely to cause a spontaneous glow in the deepest recesses of your heart is (a) Groucho (b) Harpo (c) Chico (d) Zeppo (e) Rambo.

FOR THE MOST part, *Confrontations* is a study of the abrasiveness of Israeli society. In a collection of articles, many of which have appeared previously in newspapers and magazines, the author details the familiar head-on collisions that take place daily in Israel.

To the more well-known blow-ups that occur between secular and religious, Ashkenazim and Sephardim, right and left, Jew and Arab, Rapoport adds more: yerida and aliya, Ethiopians and the rabbinate, citizens and the bureaucracy, disabled veterans and the defence ministry, the Jewish National Fund's cypress trees and Arab olive trees, and missionaries and the Jewish establishment.

Rapoport does his best to give a balanced account of the situations he describes, even though his own secular Zionist democratic credentials become apparent.

For example, in a moving piece on disabled veterans, he cites the protesters outside the prime minister's residence, who claim that not enough is being done on their behalf in terms of financial compensation and housing and employment opportunities. He lambasts the basic insensitivity and indifference of Israeli society in general to their plight, especially as regards the lack of basic amenities such as ramps and

Head-on collisions

CONFRONTATIONS by Louis Rapoport. Boston, Massachusetts, Quinlan Press, 240 pp., \$16.95.

Joseph Hoffman

elevators. In the Jerusalem Great Synagogue, for example, two steps have to be negotiated just to get to the bathroom.

On the other hand, he interviews handicapped veterans who are basically satisfied with the government's efforts to alleviate their situation, and discusses the contribution made by Beit Haholem, the sports and rehabilitation centre for handicapped veterans in Tel Aviv.

Other chapters which deserve mention are "Going Away" and "Coming Back," in which Rapoport urges a reconsideration of the emotionally loaded terms "aliya" and "yerida," followed by a sensitive piece on an Israeli who actually returned after a fun-filled adolescence in suburban Los Angeles.

There are also well-written pieces about the daily horrors committed in the name of technology by Bezek; the clandestine proselytizing of a

Christian nurse and the lunacies of the Temple Mount gang, especially the unusual alliance between Jewish and Christian fundamentalists, and the latter's belief that Jesus cannot come again until the third temple is built and destroyed.

The book includes pieces about the Bob Dylan rock concert and Yehuda Amichai's poetry, and more philosophical pieces about daily life in Jerusalem's German Colony, the airport and the shuk.

The newcomer to Israel and the armchair Zionist who reads the book in the comfort of the Diaspora will find a plethora of facts and insights about daily life in Israel. No doubt the book will offer such a reader a welcome change from the steady diet of often-slanted political news which may represent his only source of knowledge.

IN THE PREFACE, Rapoport states that parts of his book have appeared in different form in such periodicals as *Commentary*, *The Village Voice*, *Present Tense* and *Moment*, and in newspapers such as *The Boston Globe*, *The Washington Post*

and *Washington Jewish Week*. Taken together, these publications represent a spectrum of political opinion. Unfortunately, however, there is no information on which article appeared where.

In such a collection of journalism-as-literature, the vexing problem of the dated nature of many of the stories cannot be avoided. There are references to the fourth month of the intifada (we are now in the 12th) and Rapoport's study of Meir Kahane as a Knesset member.

More damaging to the integrity of the book is the author's barely disguised animosity towards the press in general - with a special vitriol reserved for his Israeli colleagues.

It is difficult to pass over statement after statement assailing the competency and moral standards of those who work in the print medium. For example, Rapoport claims that "no one has a more wishful eye than a journalist - one reason why media people are so mistrusted," and speaks of "Israeli viciousness as practised by journalists" and "the destructive urges of a number of Israeli journalists who have made a god out of iconoclasm."

In sum, in spite of some well-written chapters, *Confrontations* is a patchwork quilt rather than an organic whole.

New life

WE ARE THE CHILDREN: A Celebration of Unicef's First Forty Years by Judith M. Spiegelman and Unicef. Boston, The Atlantic Monthly Press, 224 pp., \$29.95.

Hanoch Teller

THIS BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book is about children, from all corners of the globe, who discovered hope and a new life after much suffering and misery. Since its creation 40 years ago, the United Nations Children's Fund has rescued millions of children. Among Unicef's proudest achievements, well described in this book, is the cure, during the 1950s, of over 23 million Africans and Asians suffering from yaws, and the saving of five million Ethiopian children from dehydration, in 1984.

These and other achievements are recorded in *We Are The Children*. The largest part of the book is made up of original memoirs contributed by some of Unicef's best-known goodwill ambassadors, such as Danny Kaye and Peter Ustinov. Their stories are supplemented by first-person accounts from numerous volunteers.

Fictitious novel

KEITH WATERHOUSE's latest novel, *Our Song*, falls flat. The author, creator of such comic classics as *Billy Liar* and one of England's leading humorous columnists, tries to strike out in a different direction, and fails.

From the book's very first sentence, "She thinks I'm writing a novel," readers should be on their guard. What is Waterhouse, that great lampooner of the pretentious, doing writing a novel about writing a novel? And there's worse to come: It's not really a novel, but a "fictitious novel."

Our Song's structure is fairly simple. Roger Piper, a 52-year-old burnt-out advertising executive, is writing a series of letters to his former, nearly-young-enough-to-be-his-daughter lover. These letters,

OUR SONG by Keith Waterhouse. London, Hodder & Stoughton, 208 pp., £10.95.

Jeff Black

his wife thinks, are an embryo novel he is writing as a form of therapy for losing his job.

Piper lost his job because his affair with Angela, which mainly consisted of long, boozy (even by advertising standards - if there is such a thing) lunches, became an embarrassment and burden to all around. For Piper, these expensive lunches were not always happy affairs, as he relentlessly questioned Angela about her past life and former lovers. According to the letters he is writing now, one is never really sure what Piper found more hurtful -

Angela's honest answers or her attempts to evade the questions.

The book concentrates on Piper's obsession with Angela and his analysis of their 16-month relationship. Most people's obsessions soon become boring to others, and *Our Song* rapidly turns into a very boring book. The twist at the end, meanwhile, is so banal and melodramatic as to be sadly laughable.

Here and there are occasional flashes of Waterhouse's skill as a comic writer: "Odd how puritan one can be in setting off on a course of adultery. Immoral indignation, you could call it." Unfortunately, these are few and far between.

It seems that Waterhouse, in this book, decided it was time to get serious and investigate the emotional traumas of middle-aged media types. While London expense-account publishers and advertising executives might find *Our Song* meaningful, the rest of the reading public would do well to ignore it.

familiar morass of duty versus passion. Rather, it introduces the natural amorality of Rose, who rushes to her lover whenever he calls for her and stays with her husband out of a longing for security and a feeling of compassion for his childish fear of being abandoned.

Mary Wesley's strengths are her ear for dialogue, amusing turn of phrase, wit and charm. Although her new book lacks the authenticity and poignant despair so strongly present in her first novel, *Jumping the Queue*, with which Wesley made her spectacular debut, this is a marvellously entertaining book.

NOT THAT SORT OF GIRL by Mary Wesley. London, Black Swan, 279 pp., £3.95.

Ruth Ogden

secure marriage. It leaves the young innocent to make the best of it with her husband "Ned in bed" and out of it, and her true love Mylo.

In spite of the banal love-triangle, this novel does not sink into the

Naturally amoral

THIS NOVEL is a joyful portrayal of the typical Wesleyan heroine. Like Hebe in *Harnessing Peacocks* or Poppy in *The Vacillations of Poppy Carew*, Rose Freeling is a great life-giver. The book is also redolent with love for the English countryside.

The title, of course, suggests an ironic reflection on the mores of English society, which impel Rose into a loveless, but oh-so-suitable and

Ramat Gan/Be'er Brak: 14 Medin
 Ramat Gan: 14 Medin
 Ramat Gan: 14 Medin
 Tel Aviv: 28 Grunberg
 Jerusalem: 29 Yalo, (General Building)
 Mar Saba: 61 Herzl (Cor. Hameyasdim)
 Ra'anana: 184 Alutza
 Herzliya: 61 Sokolov
 Haifa: Check Post junction (opp. Reiner)
 Rishon LeZion: Continuation of Herzl,
 Beit Dagan Road
 Rehovot: 183 Herzl

Haim Eitani - Carmel Carpets and Partners

BEIT CARMEL

DIRECT MARKETING CHAIN

Beersheba: 26 Beit Ha'eshel
 Netanya: 5 Shmuel Hanatziv (in the passage)
 Afeka: 20 Menahem
 Daliat el Carmel: Shopping Centre

And At Authorized Dealers:
 • Haifa: Sali, 48 Herzl • Herzl: Shkolim, 12 Herzliya •
 Naharin: Chen, Egged Station • Jerusalem: Sotmach,
 44 Jaffa Road • Petah Tikva: 28 Habaon Hish •
 Holon: Anram Simha, 7 Kikar Weizmann • Tel Aviv:
 Shlomo Shkolim, 99 Herzl (corner Salamah) • Tzion
 Shkolim, 62 Derech Yaffo • Petach Shkolim, Giv Ha'ir •
 Jaffa: 36 Yehuda Hayamit • Givatayim: Hangal, 133
 Katznelson.

Amazing Offers on 1989 Patterns WALL TO WALL

Now is the time for a new look, with Carmel wall to wall carpets. 1989 patterns have reached the direct marketing chain - they're waiting for you, in all their glorious colours. Come to Beit Carmel for Carmel wall to wall carpeting at special introductory prices.

★ **Delta** - combines well-bred elegance and exceptional durability. Ideal for offices and businesses.

Only NIS **10** /m. (inc. VAT) - instead of NIS **24.81**

★ **Chevron** - a classic carpet you'll cherish, for every location.

Only NIS **19** /m. (inc. VAT) - instead of NIS **51.01**

★ **Studio** - a long lasting loop carpet, tough enough to take all the rugged wear teenagers and children can give it.

Only NIS **39** /m. (inc. VAT) - instead of NIS **55.90**

★ **Hollywood** - a very special, glamorous, closely tufted carpeting, to give your bedrooms a unique look of luxury.

Only NIS **75** /m. (inc. VAT) - instead of NIS **123.10**

★ **REVOLUTIONARY! UNDER-CARPET HEATING SYSTEM** - for cosy warm rooms.

Up to 12 sq.m. at a very special low price of NIS **420** (inc. VAT).

OPEN SATURDAY NIGHT
 (after end of Shabbat)

SPECIAL SERVICE FOR BUSINESSMEN AT NO CHARGE!
 Call 03-793121 and ask our professional carpeting consultant to visit you. He'll assist you in choosing the perfect carpeting for your business setting.

You will find your nearest Beit Carmel
 in the addresses at the head of this ad.

مگزاد من الأصل